

THE FAYRE ONE OF TVNIS  
or the  
GENEROVS MISTRIS



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or the  
GENEROVS MISTRIS



THE

*Phil. Watling 2*

Fair One

OF

TUNIS:

OR, THE

Generous *MISTRES*.

A new piece of Gallantry.

---

Out of *French*.

---

Tibul. Eleg. 2. l. 1.

*fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus,  
Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusq; sacerv;  
Qualibet, insidias non timuisse decet.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in St.  
Pauls Church-yard, 1674.

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF CHICAGO  
A new piece of Geography

One of France

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Cour  
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titors,  
Book;  
cour ag  
m - a



# ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,



*Without regarding af-  
ter what manner  
the World shall  
please to receive it,  
and at the hazard*

*of encreasing the number of ill Au-  
thors, I have undertaken to write a  
Book; which I have been the rather en-  
courag'd to do, by reason that so many  
now-a-days take upon them that em-*

*A 2 ployment.*

Advertisement to the Reader.

ployment. The Book-sellers pay no excize that I know of: Our Masters (blest be God) have not yet unthought them of imposing a Gabel upon that sort of commodity. I cannot however but confess it would bring in a great Revenue; and 'tis pitty the Officers of Excise should loose so fair an opportunity of filling his Majesty's Coffers (or rather their own.) For the number of ill Writers is much greater than any man would imagine, and certainly a penny a Quire for all the Trumpery the Press sends out in a Year, would amount to a pretty matter. But possibly they are affraid, these pretenders to wit should rise in Rebellion, and no body is willing to draw upon himself a whole Library of Inveclives. But be it how it will, I found my self in the humor, and at leisure

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sure to play the fool a little as well as others ; I had nothing else to do, and thought it was better to spoil a little paper at home in my Chamber , than to wear out my shoes in walking the streets to no purpose.

In this, my first and principal design was to divert my self; my next (Dear Reader) to please thee, in saying here and there some things, that I thought were pleasant and rational enough. If thou lik'st it, I have my end, and demand nothing of thee in return, but that thou wilt confess it; which I shall hear of by some body or another: only I think fit to give thee this Advertisement, that it is really a true History, excepting that part of the Sultaneſs her escape, with that of Don Pedro and Isabella Albirond only getting  
off

Advertisement to the Reader.

*off clear in the truth of the story ; and therefore do not look upon it as a meer piece of Invention, for it is no such thing.*

*Fu quel chi'o dico, è non n'aggiungo un pelo, J o'l vidi, J o'l fo.*

*It is not so long since this hapned neither, that we can reckon by any thing but the months ; and therefore has at least the grace of novelty, which no one can deny it. If I would have taken the liberty of the Romance-writers, who make what Adventures they please, and carry them on at the extravagant rate of their own Fancy, I could peradventure have made this more modish, and much fuller of affairs and intrigues. A few hours meditation would have done that ; but for once I paint by the Life, and not by invention. The aforesaid Gen-*

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Gentlemen raise their fabulous stories, to such a degree of surprize or impossibility indeed, that they seem sometimes to drop out of the Clouds : but in the mean time Truth is doubtless that which best pleases in a Narrative. If thou art of this opinion, thou wilt take more pleasure in reading such a Piece of gallantry as this, which has really come to pass, than one of those celebrated Fables, that has hardly ever enter'd into more than one mans Imagination.

What there is more of rare in this is, that never any Bagatelle of Love came out of Barbary till now. The Pirates of Tunis and Algier do not much intrigue themselves in Gallantry ; but another sort of Pirate is here come under the Standard of Love, to carry away from these Barbarians the  
grea-

Advertisement to the Reader.

greatest beauty their Nation ever had:  
Whether, or no it be lawful prize, do thou  
(friendly Reader) judge; and if it prove  
otherwise, arraign him rather than me.  
I have follow'd the M<sup>e</sup>moires that  
were deliver'd to me, to which I  
have only given words, and wherein the  
workmanship has nothing defac'd the  
natural truth of the Story.

Farewel.

THE



THE  
Fair One  
OF  
TUNIS:  
Or, THE  
Generous Mistress.



He World, through  
several happy accom-  
modations conclu-  
ded amongst Christi-  
an Princes, seem'd to  
be rock't asleep in a  
profound and lasting

Peace; but such a one as however  
seem'd insupportable to the unfortunae

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*Albiond*

## The fair One of Tungs.

*Albirond*, who in the untoward posture his affairs at that time were, would have gone in quest of War to the remotest parts of the Earth: but the Stars who in these dayes are very little inclin'd to favour men of execution, seem'd joyntly to have conspir'd the ruine of the Janty sort of men, by a general cessation of Arms. It was by no means safe for *Albirond* to stay in *France*; certain affairs that frequently happen to men who carry the *punctilio* of honor upon the point of their Swords, had driven him from thence, he must of necessity take upon him the employment of a Knight Errant, as many others did.

In this condition of a wandring Knight, he had the opportunity of seeing the most beautiful and the greatest part of *Europe*; and with a competent proportion of wit that he was master of, and a handsome carriage he had made shift to learn at home, he procur'd himself respect in all places, and acquir'd friends wherever he met with men of the better sort of breeding, and added some such passages, and adventures to the History of his Life, as were  
fit

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fit one day to be the subject of a Romance. This career of his continued near upon two years; and ended at the City of *Ligorn* in *Italy*, which is one of the most famous Ports for traffick upon the *Mediterranean Sea*.

One day as he was at this place, walking pensive and alone upon the Sea shore, and meditating which way for the future to dispose of himself, in the strange irresolution and incertitude he then was what course to steer, a sudden whimsy took him, wholly to throw himself into the arms of Fortune; and to that end to put himself aboard the first vessel that should set out from the harbour, let it be bound for what part of the world soever; and accordingly without further examining this his extravagant resolution, he found a Vessel for his purpose, that ready and laden, waited only for a wind to put out to Sea. He had but little time to turn him in, wherefore in all haste he caus'd his baggage to be embark'd, and put himself aboard; where all things concurring with his design, the wind within two hours after stood as fair as heart could wish, and in six dayes

B 2 brought

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brought them before *Tunis*, one of the principal Cities of *Barbary*, and the *Metropolis* of that Kingdome.

*Albiron* was not altogether a stranger in this Country, he had already been acquainted both with *Turks*, and *Moors*, and had a smattering of their Language, which he had learnt in a voyage he had formerly made to the Kingdom of *Fez*, and *Morocco*. So soon therefore as he came a shore, he went immediately to salute the *Beglerbeg*, which is the King of the Country, to whom he gave an account of his voyage. From thence he went to visit the *Bassa*, who there represents the person of the *Grand Signior*, and after him the two *Beglerbegs* or Generals of the Army, who are the four principal Lords of that Kingdom. I could here perhaps satisfy the curious by insisting upon the manners, and particular Government of this City; for although the *Turks* are all subject to one Prince, and that they have all the same Law, yet the policy and manner of living of those of *Africk*, are a little different from the other *Turks* of the East: but it is not my design to mix any thing  
so

so serious, with what I only intend for a pure, and uncompounded piece of mirth. Neither do I write this for the grave *Sr. Politick Woodbee's*; the chief, and only end of my writing being to entertain the amorous with a new piece of Gallantry.

These four Lords did all receive *Albirond* with civility enough, that is to say, with as much as the humor of that Country will permit: but our Cavalier was nevertheless much better satisfied with Mahomet *Lapsi* General of the Naval Forces, than with all the other three. This Lord at the very first dash, offer'd him a Lodging close by his own Palace, and gave him two Slaves to attend him wherever he went, together with a *Moor* to secure him from such affronts and insolencies to strangers, as are very usual in that barbarous Country. It is true, that Mahomet *Lapsi* was really one of the finest Gentlemen, not only of *Africk*, (where Travellers expect to meet with nothing but Lyons and Tigers,) but even of *Europe* also, where the world is more rational, and better bred. His Stature and fashion had something in them of great, and Ma-

jestick above the rest of the *Africans*, he was rather fair than brown, his complexion was very clear and good, and there was nothing in him of the *Turk* to be discover'd, saving a certain Ayr of Fierceness, that became him well enough; and his way of conversing with all sorts of men, was affable and obliging, much above what is to be expected from a *Barbarian*. He had convers't with few other than Merchants in his own Country, or if he had sometimes seen a Gentleman, it was only chain'd to the Oar, which made him the sooner to observe something in *Albirond* that was new, and extraordinary, and that oblig'd him to a particular esteem of his person. This esteem in a few dayes improv'd it self into an affection, and that affection encreas'd to such a degree, that the *Beglarbeg* seldom din'd or sup'd without *Albirond*, and would also have him one in all his matches of divertisement and recreation. Of these, hunting was that wherein he chiefly delighted, and for this he had two or three fair Country-houses not above a mile distant from the City. Of these nevertheless, the most magnificent  
in

in structure, the richest in furniture, and the most pleasant for situation was call'd *Bardon*. At this place he had a *Seraglio* of three or four hundred women, and one of the most beautiful Gardens in the world, neither was it long before he treated *Albirond* at this house of his, but carried him thither in his Coach, attended with three or four hundred Guards, where he treated him *ala Turque*, that is to say, grossly and rudely enough; but if magnificence of feasting consists in the number of dishes, a man might term this one of the most sumptuous Entertainments that *Albirond* had ever seen in his Life, for there was upon a Table of twenty persons, a most stupendious Pyramid of dishes, one pil'd upon another of no less than a yard and a half high. There were present at this feast the chief persons of the City, the General of the Gallies, and the principal men of the *Divan*. They sate a long time at the Table, where they eat very well, but drank a great deal better; for although Wine is a thing forbidden by their Law, they forbear not, for all that, upon occasion to make

very great debauches, and are not only very perfect that way, but have moreover very exquisite formes, and have an extraordinary method of drinking. They rose not from the Table, till every one had got a sufficient rattle in his pate; the Feast lasted from eight of the clock in the morning, till three in the afternoon, during which time they had sometimes a cessation from eating and drinking, to smock a pipe, that past from hand to hand thorough the whole company. All being done the *Beglerbeg* taking *Albiron* by the hand, carried him to see the house, of which the Richness of the Armes, and Furniture, and the prodigious number of Jewels wonderfully astonish our Cavaleer, the things he saw being inestimable, but above all the Beds, where nothing was to be seen, but Tissue, and embroyderies in Gold layd on three inches thick. From thence they went into the Garden, where the pleasure must needs be very charming, to see all the Trees in the middle of Winter laden either with Fruits, or Flowers; a sight so ravishing and so rare, that I could here methinks find in my heart to  
make

make a little stay, to give a beautiful *Idea* of a most delicate Garden; but least I should importune any of my Readers (for there is nothing more tedious, and distastful to Readers, then the Descriptions of Pallaces and Gardens,) I leave it to every ones imagination to represent to himself, that it must of necessity be a very fine place, being that which by the *Beglerbeg* was preferr'd before all his other Scituations, of which moreover the Flowers of the Orange and Citron Trees, that are continually in the blossom may give some account; and besides it is easy to believe, that seeing it was the sole *Regal* of so great a number of very fine Women, it ought not to be unpleasant. Nevertheless they very rarely enjoy'd that diversion; and the *Seraglio* had only a prospect into it through one little window, to which none neither, the *Grand Sulane*s only excepted, had the liberty to come.

*Albiond* was marvailously taken with this Garden, and forgot not the good manners of highly commending it to the *Beglerbeg*, who in the good humor he was of obliging this Cavaleer  
by

by all sorts of civility, offered him the Command of his Coach, to carry him thither so oft as he pleas'd. *Albiond* return'd him very many thanks for the honor he was pleas'd to offer him of his Coach, which nevertheless he did not think fit to accept, but would by no means refuse the priviledg he gave him of coming sometimes into the Garden. *Mahomet Lapsi* was wonderfully ravish't, that he took that for so extraordinary a favour, and thereupon immediately gave order to his Governor to receive him when, and so oft as himself should please as a particular friend of his, and to leave him absolute Master of all. *Albiond* made very good use of this liberty, it was not very far from the Town, and he fail'd but very few mornings of coming to divert himself in that delightful place.

To a man in Love, solitude is very charming, especially in absence, where men entertain themselves with their own thoughts, recollect all the pleasant passages of their Lives, and meditate in full liberty at their own fancy; inso-much that it often depends upon the humor a man is in at such times, to render

der himself happy, or miserable. *Albirond* was too fine a Gentleman never to have sight for some fair one, and his Love was accompanied with so remarkable a Constancy, that it still continued with great ardor, after four or five years of fidelity. In this it was that he chiefly found himself unhappy, neither Banishment from his Country (for which he had a natural affection) nor the loss of his Estate (which was very considerable) had been able to discompose his brave soul; but his heart which was set on fire by the penetrating eyes of too beautiful a person, alone suffer'd all the torments of a cruel Exile. He one day sufficiently express'd his passion by these verses, which he grav'd upon a leaf of one of those Fig-Trees of *Barbary*:

*You tender issue of my Woe,  
The blood the wounded Lover bleeds,  
Soft teares, your heavy banks o'erslow  
T'allay the grief her absence breeds;  
And you sad eyes, to end my smart,  
Into salt tears distil my heart.*

He had not promised to himself from  
*Barbary,*

*Barbary*, that he should pass away so many happy hours in this delightful place. The whole Garden contributed to the easing of his griefs; and it is most certain, that there is not a spot of Earth to be found out under the Sun, where the silence, the shades, the verdure, and the day it self could be more delightful, than in this platt of Ground; the leaves, the flowers, the Birds never depart from it, and I shall be never the more a Poet for saying, that it is the habitation of *Zephirs*, and *Cupids*. In every Cabinet, every arbour of this Garden, there is conveniency of sitting down, and reposing at length with the greatest ease, and delight; and every day *Albion* repair'd thither to meditate with the greatest pleasure imaginable, and represented things to his Imagination with so great felicity, and that strength of fancy, that he once believed he had really seen his beloved *Urania* (for so was that fair one call'd, with whose *Idea* he was so passionately possess't,) and this conceit had made so strong an impression upon his phancy, that he was not able to determine, whether it was a shadow or a real substance

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stance that had appear'd to him, which made him break into this suddain Rapture.

*Art thou then absent, O thou dear  
And only Subj. & of my flame,  
Are these fair objects that appear  
But shadows of that noble frame,  
For which I do all other Form disclaim?*

*Am I deluded? do I only rave?  
Was it a Phantasme only that I saw?  
Have dreames such power to deceive?  
O lovely shade thou didst too soon  
(withdraw,  
Like fleecy snow, that as it falls doth thaw.*

*Glorious illusion, lovely shade!  
Once more deceive me with thy light,  
Tis pleasure to be so betray'd,  
And I for ever shall delight,  
To be persude with such a charming  
Sprite*

Every thing in this Garden already proclaim'd, and was full of *Albion's* passion, the trees were all wrought with his Cyphers, and the walls, nay the very leaves that were not too tender to endure

endure the Graver, were carv'd, and graven with verses, and several other amorous fancies. There was in the whole Garden but one place, that was priviledg'd from his sighs, and that was that part that lay under the *Seraglio*, which in truth was the most delightful of all; but as a man that was very well acquainted with the customes of the Country, and how tender the *Turks* are of their women, he was discreet enough to avoid that Quarter. This discretion of his nevertheless was not sufficient long to resist the temptation of change of place, and to that desire that difficulty does usually raise in generous and attempting minds; so that one day having observ'd somewhat nearer at hand, that there was one little window only in that Apartment towards the Garden, he could not so far conquer his curiosity, but that it carried him into a great Pavillion, that covers a very fair Bath, where *Mahomet* every Summer used to bath. This Pavillion is very ingenuously contriv'd, consisting of six little Rounds or Circles, which are so many Beds of green Turfe, so delicately lay'd, as seem to allure and invite

vite the beholder to lye down, and repose upon them. In one of these Cabinets it was that *Albiond* design'd to pass away the best of his time in *Barbary*, and was enclin'd to believe, that there he might hope for some allay to his Torments, which gave him occasion to speak after this manner the first day he entred into it :

*To solitary dark Retreats*

*Where the fresh Ayre, and silent shades  
Preserve themselves, manure the heats,  
And light wherewith the Sun invades,  
Can you not cure my hearts deep wound,  
And in this Melancholy Grove  
Is there no medicine to be found  
Against the most unhappy love ?*

His fancy was too ravishingly delighted with the beauty of this place, not to push so pretty a beginning a great deal further, when a most excellent voice, which at that instant he heard over his head, put him quite out of his Poetry. It is not here for me to tell you how strangely he was surprized, 'tis hard to imagine it, and without having seen *Albiond* in the posture  
of

of his astonishment, it is hardly to be believed. All his senses were contracted into that one sense of hearing, he stood as motionless, and stiff as a statue, and his soul seem'd to have no other sentiment, than what was inspir'd into it by this ravishing voice. The close interweaving of the Boughs, and leaves so damp't the sound, that he could distinctly hear no more, but these last words only, which was enough to make him conclude the song to be *spanish*:

*Non importa que los ojos matan  
se resuscitan.*

The surprise, and the harmony of this voice wherewith he had been so rapt at the first strains that toucht his ear; the song being ended, gave way to the curiosity he had to see a person that sung so well: at the first he believed it to be some slave, and went out of the Pavillion to be more fully satisfied. He thought it could only come from the window of the *Seraglio*, and there indeed he spyed a person that endeavour'd to conceal her self, and whom

whom in so doing he perceiv'd to smile, possibly at his curiosity. The Cavalier at this stood still, and saluted her, to try if by that meanes he could oblige her a little more to discover her self; which thereupon she accordingly did; and in so doing, not a little surpriz'd *Albion* with the number of Jewels she had on, which instead of dazzling him with their lustre, gave him to understand, that the person he had mistaken for a slave, must infallibly be one of the principal Ladies of the *Seraglio*: so that without further delay, he made her a most profound reverence, with a resolution to retire, it being a respect due to the Ladies of that Country, to avoid their sight, especially the Women of quality. This Lady (who perhaps had no mind to drive him from thence) made him a sign to stay, and withall said something to him, which he did not well comprehend, by reason that he was not so perfect in the Language of that Country as to understand every word, when it was spoke quick and roundly to him. He form'd an answer however, telling her in the same Language, that he humbly ask't her pardon

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don, for having taken the liberty to come walk under her Apartment, and that he had not thought any one could have come to that window. To which she made answer again; but after such a manner that he could not understand the one half of what she said, and therefore could answer nothing to purpose. In the mean time he stood upon Thorns, and was very impatient to put an end to this discourse, in which he should have been very unwilling to have been surpriz'd: but the Lady was by no means of his mind, and with the delight she took in looking upon him, would have been glad she could have made him better understand her. She then withdrew herself from the window, bidding him stay a little, and she would presently return, which she accordingly did immediately after, bringing with her a slave, who spoke to *Albiond*, and in *Spanish* askt him of what Nation he was. The *Cavalier*, who spoke *Spanish* very well, replied that he was a *French* man, that it was by accident he was come into that Quarter of the *Seraglio*, and therefore desir'd she would make his excuse to that beautiful Lady.

You

You need not, replied the Slave, trouble your self about that, for I have already order to tell you from her, that she before desir'd rather to see you walk under this window, than in the lower walks; where you have us'd to be every morning. *Albiond* civilly made answer, that if by that he might oblige so fair a Lady, he should be very proud to please her: but that he apprehended it might be ill taken, and that he might be blamed, should he happen to be discovered in that place. The slave thereupon assur'd him, that there was no danger in the case; For besides that the Trees would conceal him from being seen in that walk, it was now a time when the Garden was free, and no one came to work there, as at other times. To which she added, that he was to come a little more early, that he might at more liberty entertain himself there with them, whilst the rest of the *Seraglio* were asleep; which having said, she retir'd, and *Albiond* who understood it was to dismiss him for that time, was about to do the same, had not the *Sultaneſs* commanded him yet to stay a little longer. She sayd not very

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much to him ; but her diversion was to throw him down certain little stones, which the *Cavalier* receiving in his hatt as they fell, first kis't, and after put them in his bosom, as favours that he did very highly prize The Lady laught at this action of his, and pleasantly ask't him, since he put such a value upon those pibbles, what he could do in case she should throw him something of greater price? To which *Albiond* made answer, that he had no dearer repository than that, wherein to put any thing of the greatest vauw ; but that every thing that came from her was equally pretious, and that those pibbles would in his hands convert themselves into Rubies and Diamonds. She still continued to say some things to him, that were aery, and obliging enough, and that the *Cavalier* was not so thick-scul'd but to understand, and thereupon sail'd not to return the best answers he could: but these little wantonnesses of theirs, continued something too long, to a man that was in fear of being discovered ; which he ever and anon signified to her by a little unquietness he made to appear in his countenance, and by ever-  
more

more looking this way, and that, to see if no body came. The *Sultanes* still bad him not to be afraid, but it was hard Counsel to obey, where there was so much to fear. She was as dangerous to see, as there was danger of being seen with her; and the perplexity was equally great, whether in relation to her own eyes, or to those of any other.

*Albirond* was no sooner deliver'd from this dangerous enterview and parly, but that he took a resolution to walk no more so near the *Seraglio*, nor so much as to enter into the Garden; wherein peradventure his discretion will appear very strang to such, as will not that a man who makes a profession of Gallantry, should loose any one moment of time, when an occasion presents it self of pushing any one home to its natural and proper end. But this way of fooling is only proper for some Countries; and such as are never so little acquainted with the Customs of this whereof I now speak, how fond soever they may be of those little adventures, will approve of *Albirond's* discretion, in not daring to hazard one

of so delicate a kind. He had no mind, neither indeed ought he upon a light occasion to offend the *Beglerbeg*, who every day laid so many obligations upon him, and of whose favour he stood in so great need to live in safety in so barbarous a place. This fair *Sultaneſs* notwithstanding was eternally before his eyes; his mind was a little discomposed with her beauty, so that whatever he was able to do to oppose it, he had by fits a certain itching desire to break the resolution he had made, and some hankerings after the Lady that disquieted his thoughts, and insensibly removed some scruples he had, without taking notice whence that passion did proceed, or almost knowing when the fit was upon him. Some moments there were wherein he would have been in the Garden at what price soever, and yet at the same time he repented he had ever been there: and to say the truth, this *Sultaneſs* was such a master-piece of Beauty, as was sufficient to stagger the resolution of the firmest of men. Never was any thing so delicately shap'd as she, and although *Albion* had seen but the one half of her,

her, yet to be flesh, and blood, and a man, was enough to be smitten. Her age at that time, might be about five and twenty, but in her cheeks appeared the Youth, and freshness of a Girl of fifteen. All her lineaments were exactly perfect; her hair, her complexion, her eyes, her mouth, and her neck were things to be painted, and amongst all those Graces and perfections, her manner of dressing was so gallant, and so rich, that it was an additional enchantment to captivate *Albirond*. The lustre of her sparkling Jewels made her appear a constellation, but the fire of her delicate black eyes put out the poorer light of the numerous Diamonds, as the whiteness of her skin baffled that of the Pearls. All this *Albirond* acknowledg'd in his heart, and although it was not possible, that he should ever cease to love *Urania*, or that he should ever love anything equally with her; nevertheless the power of a person rendr'd attractive by so many titles of beauty, and arm'd with so many not to be resisted charms, stood suspected to him, and he would willingly have avoided the least shadow

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of infidelity. These two or three dayes that he forbore going again to the Garden, was with him a very melancholly time, during which he had a continual conflict in his Soul; but what good will a man's constancy do him, when he is once possess't with the merit of an amiable person: On the contrary, nothing makes one love more, than an endeavour to resist it; and a heart comes off much deeper wounded by fighting, and opposing a passion it has no mind to entertain. He thought the time intolerable long, and it seem'd to him that an infinite number of dayes were lapsed and gone, since he had been in his beloved solitude. The delights of this Garden; or rather the charmes of this fair *Sultaneſs* made all other places appear unpleasant, and seem tedious and uneasy to him; so that he must of necessity either take a final leave of *Barbary*, or return to a place where-with he was so infinitely delighted. He fancied the Sun shone no where but there, and that there was nothing but darkness in all other places. O frailty of humane Souls! *Albiond* is overcome, he yields to the importunity of  
his

his inclination, and is strongly perswaded that he shall have power enough over himself to go into the Garden without coming near the *Seraglio*. Love made him believe so, but he deceiv'd himself, and under this Error it was; that the little God would take his opportunity to establish his Empire in the bosome of the wavering *Cavalier*, before he would declare himself. He goes then to the Garden, and true it is, that his courage chiefly appear'd in the violence he offer'd to his own inclination, by limiting his steps within the bounds prescrib'd. Yet did his feet now and then deceive him, and would sometimes insensibly carry him too far beyond his limits, that he often wanted but very little of being totally overcome: but then *Urania* alwaies came in the nick into his remembrance to divert him. He was now already as good as victorious; the time was already at hand that he was to return to the City, and he was preparing to be gone, when an arrow that wisk't close by his nose, did very much surprize him, and made him stay to see what it might be. It fell not very far from him, as being loos't with no great

great force, so that he went and took it up, and in so doing, found there was a Ticket fastned to it with silk, which his curiosity making him immediately to unty, opening the paper, he found these words writ in the Spanish Tongue!

*Donna Isabella the Slave, to the French Cavalier.*

You certainly deceived us, when you told us you was a Frenchman. The Cavaliers of that Nation acquit themselves a little better of the respect that is due to Ladies, and are more dextrous at a piece of gallantry than you are. In two or three dayes time that you have not appear'd in this Garden, you forgot the promise you made us, and it is now fit you should know to whom you engag'd your word, 'tis to the Great Sultanesse the wife of Mahomet Lapsi, a person whom you ought infinitely to consider, and respect, and who peradventure has a little too much esteem for you. You would do well to manage an inclination of so great advantage to you a little better, wherefore if you will take my advice, do not this day depart the Garden without  
seeing

seeing us: For it is her pleasure you should do so, and you ought not to hazard the disobeying her, without apprehending that she will make you repent it.

On the top of the paper, and above the Letter, there was writ by another hand, and in a very ill Character these words.

*Ingrate, with this arrow I could pierce  
thy heart.*

Thou must yield *Albirond* (cried he immediately upon the reading of the paper,) thou must submit to thy Fate, who in despite of thy firmest resolution, will that thou see this beautiful *African*. Alas! how little serves to overcome my heart.

*I thought I sigh'd with an immortal flame,  
When in a trice, I know not how,  
My heart that still was constantly the same,  
To a new passion's yielding now.  
What strange injustice, Heaven, is this!  
That hurries Love to this caprice,  
To force me to infringe my vow?*

*If*

## The fair One of Tunts.

*If he would have his Empire last,  
 He ought to make a heart  
 That for one fair once owns a smart :  
 Continue in that passion firm, and fast;  
 And rather choose a thousand times to dy,  
 Than once it's faith to break, or faisfie.*

In ending these last words he was come up close to the *Seraglio*, where he had scarce time to offer at some excuses, before the slave demanded of him why they had not seen him of so many days; and the reason why he had not (now he was come thither) walkt on their side of the Garden, according to his promise.

*Albirond* though a little surpriz'd with so suddain and so brisk Interrogatories, was not nevertheless to seek for some pretences of affairs of weighty concern, wherewith he had been perplext; telling them moreover, That the reason why he had forborn to approach the *Seraglio* was, because he had seen no body at the window : but these excuses were not sufficient to defend him from some reproaches the fair Slave cast in his teeth, in the behalf of her Mistriss; and the *Sultanesse* her self putting

putting on a very severe countenance, ratt'd him at a terrible rate; calling him ingrate, insensible, and unworthy of the least kindness she' had for him. These are the favors of that Country; and it is after this manner, that the Ladies of those parts declare their passion. Neither is it to be wondred at, that she should be so forward with a man she had never spoken to but once, and had only seen at a pretty distance; for there was nothing in the person of this Cavalier, that was not grateful: he was evermore neat, and very finely dress'd, and well enough understood the secret of engaging a Lady, that is never so little sensible and inclin'd to be in Love. And moreover 'tis the custom of that Nation, that the women commonly are the first taken, and the men there revenge us to some purpose for what they make us suffer in *Europe*; to all which you may add (if you please) that the *Beblerbeg* had already acquainted the *Sultaneſs*, with the strict and particular friendship he had contracted with *Albirond*; and had spoke so advantageously of his person, his courage, and his wit, that she must of necessity

cessity be a little prepossess'd in his favour.

The beautiful *African* having remained a little while without saying any thing to *Albiond*, she at the last qualified her little displeasure with a *Spanish* song, that her slave *Isabella* had taught her; which she sung with so languishing and so amorous a tone, as perfectly made an end of absolutely captivating her Lover. After which she would needs have him to sing too, which also she entreated him by her slave to do. *Albiond* was not hard to be perswaded into that little complaisance; for his voice was tolerably good, and he sung passably well for a *Cavalier*. He therefore made choice of a little *Italian* Song, that he himself was very much delighted withal, and that had been made for him by a friend of his, of which these were the words

*Tempra il cordoglio homai, non pianger*  
(*piu*)

*Deh! rasserena il ciglio*  
*Poiche ha Seco periglio*  
*Suic'erato dolore,*

*E con Spietata Sorte  
Spesso corre alla morte  
Addolorato core  
Da sì gravi martir che bramitu,  
Tempra il cordoglio homai, non Pianger  
(pin.*

Whil' st *Albironde* was singing, the *Sultaneſs* ſent her ſlave for ſome ſweet-meats, which ſo ſoon as he had ended his ſong, ſhe threw down to him; and which without all peradventure, he gathered up with much better will than he had done the ſtones the time before. Tis well when pibbles convert themſelves into Comfits, for the favours are then much ſweeter. She threw him down alſo a great deal of very excellent fruit, together with a very fine handkerchief to carry them in; all which *Albironde* could not handsomely reſuſe, without diſpleaſing his new Miſtriſs; for they make a reſuſal in ſuch a caſe a capital affront, and the greateſt contempt that can be offered. After this manner the *Cavalier* return'd loaden with ſweets; but they would not ſuffer him to depart, till firſt they had made him ſwear to come again ve-  
ry

ry early the next morning: but alas it was very little necessary to put *Albiron* to his Oath in such a case, who found himself sufficiently engag'd by a necessity much more binding than his vow; and yet the sweets that had so charm'd him, were not those he had tasted in the Conserves, but they were the faireyes of the beautiful *African*, that in poisoning, had enchanted his heart. The simple inclination to Love with which he had the foregoing days found himself only attainted, was now half converted into a real passion. He now began better to understand what she said to him, and so well, that he scarce lost a word. And, to confess the truth; Love (for a young child,) is a very expert Deity, he understands all Languages, he learns them all with very little difficulty; nay, 'tis sufficient being once possess'd with him, to have eyes only, to understand whatever one has a mind to.

In the morning, *Albiron* saw the *Sultaneſs*, and he went to wait upon the *Beglerbeg* in the afternoon; but he past over the ensuing night with greater disquiet, than any that had gone before

fore. *Urania* already presented herself to his imagination, and seem'd to reproach him, and to demand satisfaction for his inconstancy; but the charms of the fair *Sultaneſs* were already grown ſo prevalent with him, that maugre his duty he ow'd, and the obligation he had to his former Miſtriſs, his feeble heart ſuffered them to poſſeſs themſelves there of a very conſiderable place, to the prejudice of *Urania's* title, and intereſt; inſomuch that all he could poſſibly do, was yet to preſerve for her the firſt and beſt room in his breaſt. The night was very long with our new wounded *Amoroſo*, or at leaſt it ſeem'd to be much longer than it was; and as if the light of the day, ought to diſperſe the clouds and miſts of his mind, as well as diſſipate the ſhades, and horrors of the night, he was in great impatience to wait ſo long for the long look't-for morning. And indeed his gayety and good humor, returned ſo ſoon as ever the day began to appear in his chamber, which no ſooner peep'd through the windows, but that he immediately leapt out of his Bed, and ſet to dreſſing himſelf after the beſt

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manner

manner he could devise, and much finer than he had at any time appear'd since his coming into *Barbary*, before. Like a Gallant who was to go visit his Mistress, he omitted nothing that he conceiv'd might serve to set him the better off, but rifled all his trunks, and tumbled over all his wardrobe, to find out what he thought might please her best. In which spruce dress he sallied out of his chamber, and in the ardor and eagerness it may be imagin'd he was at that time, was not above a quarter of an hour in going to the Garden. Being there come, he thought it was a little too early for the Ladies, and no body yet appear'd, notwithstanding a little noise that he made in the Pavillion soon drew the *Sultaneſs* to the window, who threw something down to make him come out into her view. *Albiond* was wonderfully astonish'd at her sight, for if he had omitted nothing, that might serve to make him appear with the better grace, and presence; the *Sultaneſs* had also on her part been as curious to set off the lustre of her own Beauty with an infinite number of Jewels, and a most exquisite dress. No-  
thing

thing could be so rich, nor any thing was ever so fine; but it was withal a kind of undress, wherein a certain negligence was to be observ'd, mixt with an extraordinary pomp, but withall a negligence of very great Art. She had upon her head a rich Cawle of Gold after the Turkish fashion, that serv'd her in the nature of a Vail, with which she cover'd part of her neck, which modesty seem'd to oblige her to conceal, but that love made her now and then to discover by little accidental motions, but wherein there was nevertheless a great deal of design. *Albiroind* had nothing about his heart that was proof against these enchantments, his eyes were ravish'd with the delight of beholding so beautiful a person, and to such a degree, that, as if he had been charm'd, he had not once the power to open his mouth, to speak so much as one syllable to the fair *Sultanesse*: She was therefore herself constrained to break the Ice, and to ask him how he had past the night. I am afraid, *Madam* (replied *Albiroind*) that I am to expect no more nights of repose, and if you will take the pains to consult your Glass, you

will there find, that it is very hard to behold you, and afterwards to sleep. To this she return'd no answer, but took occasion to let fall a very fair purse, which *Albirond* immediately gathered up, and was about to present it to her, but the *Sultaneſs* bad him keep it for her sake, telling him that it was full of kindness. The purse was a rich one made of Gold twist, and wrought with a great quantity of little pearls, which *Albirond* having five, or six times kiss'd, he told the *Sultaneſs* (who saw and was very well pleas'd with that action,) that if it was full of kindness, he was afraid it would be the occasion of his death, because he had already more love than his heart was able to bear.

It is not to be believed how naturally gallant the Women are in that Country, there is nothing barbarous but the Men, neither are they barbarous to that degree, they are represented to us; but as for the women, there is nothing they are not expert in, that can any way contribute to the gaining of a heart; which doubtless proceeds from this, that the men having commonly more wives than one (they being permitted by their Law,

Law, to take to the number of four legitimate wives) every one is industrious to gain the best room in his affection; and in this these Brutes are more successful than others of a more refin'd reason; so that this of whom we are now speaking, being the principal wife of the *Beglerbeg*, it is to be suppos'd was no fool. She was Sister to the *Basshaw*, and reputed the most beautiful woman of all *Tunis*; and though *Albironde* did not perfectly understand her language, he nevertheless was such a proficient in it, as to judge, that the fair *Turk* had a very great share of wit, for every thing that fell from her tongue was marvellous aery, and full of spirit, as well as infinitely obliging. You should (said she once to him upon occasion of his not well understanding something she had said,) by this time methinks have learnt our language. It is *Madam* (replied *Albironde*) too short a time since I had first the honor to see you, to learn so much as to be perfect in a Language; especially, where the power of your fair eyes possess me with a passion sufficient to divert me. But (added the fair one) if one can love in one day, I

conceive also, that they may learn to understand in the same time, and I have an opinion that should you speak to me in any language whatsoever, I should make a shift to understand you. If it be that way you intend *Madam* (replied *Albirend* again) I do understand you very well, and assure you of the same; but it is also true, That this Language has no need of words, since the eyes render it intelligible enough, without other expression: and after this manner mine will soon enform you of what my mouth would perhaps be puzzled to explain. But are the eyes (continued the *Sultaneſs*) so faithful as not to deceive you? Mine are (replied the *Cavalier*,) and will not deceive you, when they give you to understand, that they are charm'd by the power of yours. If I have (said the fair one) obtain'd over you so great a victory, I have succeeded in my design; but you must know, that I intend to proceed further yet, and intend to penetrate into your very heart, to see if there be there any room for mine. Alas *Madam*! (replied *Albirend* with a deep sigh, and in a languishing accent) you have perhaps done  
that

that already ; for by the disorder I feel in my soul, I know very well, that my heart is no more my own. I must then also give you warning (said she smiling) to take heed, and fairly tell you before hand, that I am one of those Conquerors who never restore the places I have taken by assault, and am of an humor to reduce all things to fire, and blood, before I will consent to be depriv'd of what is once my own.

I have no mind to repeat all that these new Lovers said to one another in their first ardor, and besides it might perhaps importune my Reader ; what I have said is sufficient to let you see that they were already advanc'd pretty far in their affairs. There is no mean to be observ'd in love, which is only justified by its extravagancy and excess; and all things are excused, if not allowed, in people that are in love. *Albirond* returned toward the City, and his impatience was so great (as it commonly is in people possess'd with this passion.) as would not permit him to forbear till he came home to his lodging, to examine the purse. The

## The fair One of Tunis.

work of it was exceedingly quaint, and fine, which the better to admire he turn'd and turn'd it above a hundred times; at last he made bold to unty it, and without suspecting there was any thing within, drew out a Ticket (written in a Character very different from that of the slave, who writ a very fine hand) which contain'd these words in *Spanish*, which with much adoe maugre a great many por-hooks, he made shift at last to unriddle.

## The Sultaneſs Kahekma to the French Cavalier.

**I** Am afraid you already know what I am about to tell you, and you have too much wit not to have discovered it before. It is, That I love you, and have made choice of this way to discover it, to no other end, save only to free my self from the little perplexity I should have been in, to have told you so much by word of mouth. If you are gallant to that degree you seem to be, you know what use is to be made of such a declaration

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tion. Only remember, that to be discreet is sufficient to make you happy amongst Ladies.

*Albiond* did by this letter what any other fortunate Lover in his place would have done, that is, he read, and read it three or four times over, and over again; and as often kissing the paper, tied it up again in the purse. Imagination is very powerful over the minds of Lovers, to heighten and magnifie objects. *Albiond* fancied himself to be raised to the greatest pitch of Fortune to which he could possibly arrive, a little piece of paper had elevated him above the condition of the rest of men, and he flatter'd and hugg'd himself with the greatest felicity imaginable; in which conceit so soon as he came to his lodging, he fell to framing an answer to his obliging Mistress, which was couch'd in these termes.

*Albiond*

*Albiroind* to the adorable *Sultaneſs*  
*Kahekma.*

**I**F it be true that my eyes are faithful to me (as I assure my ſelf they are, and that they have not deceived me,) my glory is too great, and the obliging words I have read in your Letter, render me the happieſt Cavalier in the world. I concluded my torments to have been without remedy, and in that belief prepar'd my ſelf to ſuffer without opening my lips to complain; neither is it poſſible to expreſs with what an exceſs of joy it is, that I find my ſelf delivered from that apprehenſion. Your charmes (beautiful Sultaneſs) had infallibly deſtroyc'd me, had not your Ticket come ſeaſonably to my relief; a little paper has relieved the place where you are pleaſed to lodg your heart. How powerful then muſt your characters be, that can with ſo little ado produce ſo great effects! It is true, that it is your own proper intereſt that you are pleaſed to defend; and it had not been juſt that you ſhould have abandoned it to the torments of Love, ſeeing you are Miſtriſs of the  
secret

*secret of raising it to the supreamest degree of happiness, by the assurances you have been pleased to give me of so glorious an affection.*

*Albiron* did not hereafter proceed with so much caution as in prudence he ought to have done, and there was enough contain'd in this letter to have destroyed him, had his Mistress been false, or her slave unfaithful to him; but when a man is once in love, he totally neglects his own conservation, which is the cause that love with very good reason is painted with a fillet over his eyes. In the mean time he pass over this night with much greater content, than any of those that had gone before, not that he slept much better, but there is a sort of raving as nourishing and delightful as the soundest sleep, and that in recreating the Spirit does nothing abate of the bodies force, and vigour. Amorous souls are easily enclined to create to themselves very beautiful Ideas, and are apt to flatter their own hopes with the fruition of the greatest delights and advantages from the least things imaginable. *Albiron's* imagination

## The fair One of Tunts.

nation had already plac'd him in the arms of the fair *Sultaneſs*, and he talkt to her, as if he had had her already really in his embraces. What ridiculous things theſe Lovers are, with how great facility does love delude their fancies!

*I ſee (he cry'd) my killing fair  
 Darting this way her am'rous rayes,  
 And with ſo languishing an air,  
 As an enflam'd deſire betrays:  
 From that ſnowy cheſt of thine,  
 A thouſand ſighs breath, in deſign  
 To come and wiſper in my ear,  
 And in an am'rous accent there  
 To ſay, ob Albirond! my heart!  
 If with love thou wounded art,  
 And haſt caught it from mine eye,  
 In thine armes ob let me dye.  
 At which my Soul ſenſible of thy ſmart  
 Knows in it's am'rous flame  
 Wit<sup>n</sup> ſo much love, and ſo much heart,  
 As almoſt puts me out of breath again.  
 My ſences in theſe moments ſweet,  
 And theſe false baits amidſt, that cheat  
 My fancy into joy and ſweat,  
 Such new vigors do recover  
 As make me think I hold my fair embraſt  
 And me too, really to taſte  
 The true delights of the moſt happy lover.  
 Though*

Though *Albiond* past away a good many happy hours in these pleasing imaginations, yet that wherein he was again to go to visit his adorable *Sultaneſs* was of too great importance to be neglected. This hour was already come, just as he was up and ready drest; wherefore taking a very pretty purse he had, garnisht with ribons and putting his Ticket into it, he took his way towards the Garden, where (for Love adds wings to the most tardy and slow of pace) it was not long before he did arrive. His Mistris was already at her window waiting for him; who so soon as he came within her reach, rain'd down upon him a shower of fine flowrs together with certain dainty Nosegays she had neatly made, and adorn'd with a great number of pearl; all which *Albiond* gathered up, and put them into his hat; which being done he threw up his little purse, which the *Sultaneſs* receiv'd with a very good grace, and kist it with the same Ceremony, and Affection that *Albiond* had done hers before. She very much admired the Work, and vvas mightily taken with

with the gayness of it, which was new to her who had never seen any of that fashion before. But her curiosity chiefly appear'd in the haste she made to open it, to see if there was not also some Ticket within, and to her great joy she found that her dear *Amoroso* had directed one to her; she immediately deliver'd it to her slave to interpret, which whilst she was doing, the *Sultaneſs* in her eyes discover'd how much she was delighted with the Contents, which she also would sometimes turn towards him, and in certain places of the letter with which she was best pleased, threw little pibbles at him, calling him wag, wanton, and little fondling. After the slave had three or four times read it over to her, the *Sultaneſs* commanded her to entertain *Albirond* a while, and that she would immediately return. The *Cavalier* took his opportunity of her absence to demand of *Isabella*, if she had indited her Mistress's letter, to which she made answer, that she had only translated it out of the *Sultaneſs* her *Morisco* into *Spaniſh*, who had from her transcribed it again in her own hand. This Slave had a marvailous share of wit,  
and

and neither her face nor her fashion were like those of an ordinary Slave, which *Albiond* had very well observ'd, and had he thought he should have had time to do it, before the *Sultaneſs* should return, had a mind to have entreated from her some short account of her life, and of the adveneuſe that had brought her to this Captivity; but the moments, that the *Sultaneſs* enjoy'd in his conſerſation were too raviſhing for her longer to forbear to return. She came then loaden with ſweet-meats of which ſhe made her Lover a very liberal preſent, reſerving only ſome few for her ſelf and her ſlave, which they eat to bear him company. He this day likewiſe received another purſe alſo full of Muſk, and Civer, and Amber-Gris; and had this *Cavalier* had an avaritious Soul, he might alſo have added to the conqueſt of the heart of ſo beautiful a perſon a great number of Jewels, and knacks of exceeding great valew: but he who never had been good at receiving, and whoſe generous heart wholly enclin'd him to acts of bounty, had he had wherewithall to obey his liberal humor, could never have forgiven himſelf,

## The fast One of Tunks.

self, and would have lookt upon it as an unpardonable crime, should he once have entertain'd so much as a thought of making use of the bounty of this charming *Sultaneſs* to extract from thence advantages so mean, and so unworthy a man of honor.

One day entertaining his Mistris at this rate, and telling her the despair he was in that he could not approach nearer to her, to have the honor at least to kiss her hand, and that the *Sultaneſs* manifested to him the same desire, *Iſabella* contriv'd a way to satisfy them both in that particular; bidding *Albi-ron*d go look a little below the old palace, where he would find a pipe of Lead, through which in summer they convey'd water into the Bath, and there try if he could not thrust in his arm. *Albi-ron*d accordingly went, and found it true the Slave had told him concerning the pipe, which went through the wall; and returned to bring them the news. Upon which the *Sultaneſs* lost no time to go meet her Gallant, who so soon as he heard a noyse on the other side of the Wall, thrust in his hand, which his Mistris taking she carrest it a thou-

thousand pretty wayes, and having done so a pretty space, put through her own to *Albiond's* side, who kist it a thousand thousand times, and paid it back the civilities he had received. If I was not now speaking of Lovers, I know the world would think me very ridiculous to insist upon these little foolings betwixt them, but such as know any thing of Love, will confesse to me, that toying is none of the least delights, and that in the beginning of a passion, one turns every thing to good fortune. This perhaps was one of the greatest that *Albiond* was to expect or hope for, and he thought his sufferings very well recompenced with this little favour. Nothing could be so lovely as that hand of hers set off with a great number of rich rings; but notwithstanding that which he priz'd infinitely more was the incomparable whiteness of it, which in truth he was so strangely taken withal, that at that moment he would not have exchange'd that single hand, for the most beautiful body in the whole world, that of the same piece only excepted. However this kind of sport ended at last, after ha-

ving both of them several times past, and repast both the one hand, and the other, at one of which times the *Sultaneſs* took *Albirond*, and layd it in her boſome, which *Albirond* was preſently ſenſible of, both by the Softneſs, and the roundneſs of what he felt. And this hole ſerv'd them for ſome time after with ſeveral grateful opportunities of enjoying yet more and newer inventions of delight, in deſpite of the rude reſtraint of the *Seraglio*: but that wherein the Traffick of Love ſeem'd to be the moſt pleaſingly maintained betwixt them through this Conduit, was in the amorous Letters they convey'd by this means to one another, ſo that nothing more could have been deſired, but that it had been a little bigger, that they might have ſeen one another; or rather wide enough to paſs through to a more perfect enjoyment.

Theſe little *Gentileſſes* having paſt betwixt them to their mutual ſatisfaction, *Albirond* return'd again to the window, where he was no ſooner come, but that the Slave gave him to underſtand, that the *Sultaneſs* was a little offended with him; at which he  
was

was very much surpriz'd, and askt her for what, for that he could not imagine how he could any way have disobligh'd her. It is (replied *Isabella*) because she expected you should have taken one of the Rings from off her fingers, to have kept it for her sake, as she believes had you had a real passion for her, you would have done. Here-upon the *Cavalier* entreated *Isabella* to appease her Mistris, by giving her to understand, that it was not the custom of the *French Cavaliers* to take any thing from fair Ladies, but rather to present them, than to receive any thing from them, as it was all the reason in the world they should. The *Sultaneſs* who was gone no further but into her Cabinet to take thence a Letter she had writ the night before, upon this immediately return'd to the window, where *Isabella* presented her with the excuses *Albiron* had desir'd her to make in his behalf, with which, and without much difficulty, she soon put her out of her little pet; I will nevertheless, said she, that *Albiron* hereafter accommodate himself to the humor of our Country, so long as he continues in it.

and afterwards he may pursue his own method with the Ladies of *Europe* if he please. We Women here are as generous as the men are in his Country, and he is not to pretend to an advantage over us in that particular. It seems then Madam (said *Albiond*) that you will after this manner buy those hearts, which your own charmes have power sufficient to subdue to your devotion; it would also seem (replied the *Sultanss*) that you would make a purchase of ours, which your own merits do themselves enough deserve. We consider not all the value of the things we present, we only seek the pleasure of giving; and that because it is a high testimony of Love, when we frankly bestow our favors.

This was no ill passing away of a mans time in *Barbary* to be treated after this manner by so beautiful a person; and had there been any bounds in Love, with which a man could rest content, *Albiond* had certainly been in a very happy condition, and had had all the reason imaginable to be highly satisfied with his fortune; but it is not love when a man can stop there, and  
it

it is impossible to love, and not to pursue it to the end. In the mean time this passionate *Amoroso* could not tell how to hope for much more than he had already received; he lov'd in a place where nothing but a spirit could get in, the door of the prison of these fair Slaves was never open to any, but to those poor Martirs of Jealousy; and what wayes so ever *Albironde* could contrive to this end, he found them all full of danger and impossibility: nay *Isabella* her (self with all the wit she had) was to seek in this affair, and the *Sultanesse* whose desire was equally great with that of *Albironde*, now began to consider, in what an unhappy perplexity she had embark't herself, to love where there was no possible hope of remedy. Alas! said she one day to her slave, into what a misfortune (my dear *Isabella*) have I blindly precipitated my self; which is such, that whether I love, or am beloved, I find myself on all sides environ'd with ruine. For what advantage is it to me, that a dear Lover has a noble passion for me, if I can no way relieve him? my own torment by that means only be-

comes so much the greater, and I suffer at the same time all the miseries I cause in him. What have I committed against Heaven to endow me with a destiny so averse to Love! or why does Love make me love, where destiny has interpos'd so many invincible difficulties betwixt my love, and me!

*Isabella*, who besides the obligation she had to her Mistress, had moreover a particular inclination for her; did not here abandon her in her sorrow, but shar'd with her the one half of her Tears. There was nothing she would not have undertaken to ease her of her grief, in order whereunto she every day attempted something; but still to no purpose, so that she was fain to referr it to time to produce some happy alteration in the fortune of her afflicted Mistress. But time brings a very slow and pitiful relief to the passion of Lovers to whom every moment seems an Age. The *Sultaneſs* found nothing in that, that any way contributed to her consolation; death it self would have been more welcometo her, than those delays, and she desir'd, and indeed in the languishing condition she then was,

was, stood in need of a prompter remedy.

In the end she unbethought her self, that *Albironde* might perhaps come through the *Beglerbegs* apartment to a window of her Chamber that lookt into the Bath of the *Seraglio*, which though it was shut up with a Gril it would nevertheless be some ease to their torments, if she might once at least embrace him through the Grate, to obtain which she had nothing to do but to corrupt the Governor of the Pallace; which she doubted not but *Albironde* might easily bring about. This project of hers she communicated to *Isabella*, who upon the hearing of it confest, That Love was very inventive in the wits of those who were his *Proselytes*: For that she (she said) could never have thought of such an expedient. She saw no impossibility in the thing, and the sole difficulty of overcomming the Governor appear'd unto her a very easy matter for *Albironde* to effect; who being very much considered in the Pallace, might with some little Present make him do whatever he would have him. The *Sultaneſs*

was mighty well pleased to see her plot approv'd of by *Isabella*, and that she saw so little difficulty in effecting it, wherefore so soon as *Albirand* came in the morning she told him what she had thought on in order to some little enjoyment of each other, and that it would not be amiss for him to take a little pains to try if he could not bring it about. It is not to be presum'd that so passionate a Lover must needs be ravish'd with so fair an occasion, he promis'd therefore that he would neglect nothing; but would use his best endeavor to overcome all difficulties, and so departed. All the remainder of the day he spent in meditating of the means and prepared himself for his undertaking, as a thing upon which his good or evil fortune chiefly depended. It was nevertheless an odd kind of satisfaction to see a fair Lady with whom he was passionately in love through a few Iron Bars only, in which at once there would be pleasure and pain mixt together; but yet (if we consider it) what a happiness it must needs be to a Lover who had never seen her before, but at the distance of fourty Cubits over

ver his head, is not easy to be imagined.

Now this Governor, that he was to deal withal, was a man of a Brutish and difficult humor, who was not to be overreacht by subtilties and devices; and therefore it was necessary to deal with him by hand, and to engage him by a Bribe, and yet there was no safety in trusting him with so dangerous a secret. It was therefore requisite to make the engine move without giving him any light into the affair, and that was a thing of no ordinary difficulty. *Albirond* nevertheless (hoping all things from Love and Fortune) made provision of some bottles of excellent wine, together with good store of Fowl, and whatever else was necessary for a handsome treat, with these he takes a case of very fine pistols that he had brought out of *France* along with him, and followed by three Slaves that carried all the good provision, goes early in the morning to the Garden. Being come to the place he repairs forthwith to the Governors Lodgings, whom he found in his Chamber, telling him at his entrance into the room, that he was come  
to

to dine with him, and to that purpose had brought wherewithal to make a tollerable repast, that therefore there remain'd no more care nor trouble for him, but only to cause a good fire to be made to get ready the Fowl, and so fall too. The Governor at this good news a little unbent his angry brows, but that which chiefly made him clear up his sullen looks, was the sight of the bottles of Wine, which was not familiar to him, it being a liquor that he seldom tasted of but at such good times as the *Beglerbeg* came thither to make a debauch. A stoop of good Wine is an admirable pass-port wherever a man goes, and better receiv'd in all places, than the best letters of commendation. This Governor had a drunken Soul of his own, which made him receive *Albion* at the first appearance of the Bottles with a civility not usual to his brutish nature, but after he had drunk half a dozen Glasses, he fell to caressing him with the greatest tenderness, and friendship imaginable. He lik'd the Wine wonderfully well, which made our *Cavalier*, who would loose no opportunity of setting all his engines

engines on work, tell him, that if he lik'd that sort of Wine, he might send for it if he pleas'd every day, a complement that I do assure you, in few words, pleas'd; and prevail'd upon him more than a long set speech, penn'd with the greatest elegancy and art. The house was all on a roar with joy, by the example of the Governor, whom his servants had not seen in so good a humor of many a day.

*Albiond* took an occasion whilst dinner was making ready to go take a turn, or two in the Garden, where being come, he saw no body at the usual Rendez-vous, and yet the hour appointed was already past, but by making a little noise he drew the Slave to the window, who died with impatience to see him come, by reason the *Sultaneſs* was in so great anxiety, that she was layd down upon her Bed to entertain her melancholy, believing that since *Albiond* so long deferr'd his coming, he was certainly frustrated in his design. She ran therefore in all haste to tell her Mistris he was there, who thereupon presently appear'd at the window but infinitely sad, though  
with

with a sadness that immediately cleared up upon the sight of her Lover, who there gave her an account of the good forwardness their affairs were in. The *Sultaneſs* was very well satisfied with the news; and was so confident of *Albirond's* dexterity (as people are apt to believe what best pleases them) that she doubted not of having that very day the joy of embracing, and kissing her beloved Servant.

They then past away some time in flattering one another, with what delights they should enjoy in this interview, which also they already seem'd to taste by way of advance, when a certain noise interrupted their discourse, and made them both shift as fast as they could to conceal themselves. This was the Governor who himself was come to call *Albirond* in to dinner; and having run through all the walks of the Garden, had left no place unsought but that side only adjoining to the *Seraglio*, which likewise he examin'd from the one end to the other, without any news nevertheless of him he sought for, by reason that he had conceal'd himself in the Pavilion,

vilion, and who so soon as the Governor was gone a little past him, stole out behind him, and taking the shortest cut out of the Garden went into the Kitchen. *Azem* (for so was this Governor call'd) came in also presently after, telling him that he had been all over the Garden to seek him.

The Cloth was presently layd down they sat, and to't they fell with very good appetites; but they did not eat so well, but that they drank a great deal better. *Azem* had moreover invited the three Guards of the Pallace (for there was no more) who likewise laid lustily about them, infomuch that it requir'd very little pains to make them drunk, for they drunk freely enough of themselves, and voluntarily doubled the healths that *Albirond* began.

The dinner lasted a little too long for those Guards, who were oblig'd to be continually at the Gates of the Pallace, and it had been no less than present death had the *Beglerbeg* chanc'd to come, and not found them there which made them take leave of the Company, and return to their post, by which means

meanes our *Cavalier* had the greater liberty to entertain the Governor, than he had during the time of their being there. He made good use then it is to be supposed of his opportunity, and so good that there past interchangeably great protestations of love and inviolate friendship betwixt them, when it being now time to give the last blow to the business, *Albiroind* drew his case of pistols out of his pocket, and of them made a present to *Azem*. The *Turk* at first made some difficulty of receiving them, thinking it too great a favour, and presently fell to rifling his Chamber to find out something that was fit to give him in return of so great a bounty; and made him an offer of a very fine Cimitar, no no (said *Albiroind* embracing him in his armes) you shall give me nothing but your friendship, only I shall desire of you, if you can do it, to let me see an apartment in the Palace I have not yet seen, which I am told is furnisht with the richest furniture, and have a great curiosity to see it; I mean that which is over the *Mosque*. That quarter (replied the Governor roundly to him) is that which leads to  
the

the *Seraglio* of the Women, where indeed there are some very fair Romes very richly furnish'd, and where is no spare of Gold and pretious stones; but no one is ever permitted to enter there, but with the *Beglerbeg*; amongst which rooms there is one that looks through a grated window into the Bath of the *Sultane/s*, and it would be dangerous both for you, and for me, to have you seen there, by reason this is the season wherein they Bathe. I shall not offer to go into that room said *Albinond*, but shall satisfie my curiosity by seeing as I pass through the other Chambers, the richest of the beds, and Hangings I have heard so highly extold.

*Azem* was too deeply engaged to his liberality, or had perhaps drunk too deep to deny him this; but it was upon condition, that he should never speak of it to any one living, for that it was as much as his life was worth, should it ever come to be known. *Albinond* made no difficulty to give him that assurance, nor the other thereupon to deliver him the Key, and because he was of necessity to go to the City to speak with the *Beglerbeg* about something

thing that was to be done in the Garden, he entreated him to stay till he came back, that he might return the Key into his own hands.

In short all things favour'd *Albiroonds* design, and now the *Sultaneſs* who had given out to her people that she intended to bath, had above a long hour expected his coming, when he having open'd some doors stole softly from one Chamber to another, till at last he came to that where the window was, and where ~~people~~ he at first discovered no more but the end of his nose, to see if no body was there. I dare not here take upon me to tell what joy he felt within; for I should be afraid either of saying too much to be believed, or of saying too little to express his transports. He had past through all the Chambers in so great haste, and with so little regard to what he was doing, that he scarce knew which way he had come; all the Guilding, all the Ornaments, all the Diamonds; nor all the Pearls there had once the power to arrest his sight, and his eyes were blind to all things but that window; but what charms, what beauties did he then see?

of

Of Beauty all that Nature ever made  
 Of charming all that Love could ere  
 (invent;  
 Here to our Lovers sight were all displayd  
 To make him with his fortune most con-  
 (tent:  
 What charmes! what smiles! almighty  
 (Love in all  
 His trim was drest for this great Festival,  
 So sweetly look'd the lovely African,  
 By whom her happy lover at first sight,  
 Was shot with such a wounding flash of  
 (light.  
 That through his eyes he thought he had  
 (been slain.

The Sultaneſs was laid down close by  
 the Bath under a Canopy of crimson  
 Damask upon a Bed of the ſame colour,  
 raiſed no more than half a foot only  
 from the Ground. There was in the  
 Bath a ſtove that kept the place ſuffi-  
 ciently warm, from whence iſſued out  
 a perfume of divers odors, which diſ-  
 perſt it ſelf throughout the whole  
 houſe, but the face and poſture of this  
 charming perſon carried with them en-  
 chantments, that rendred all the ſences;

F

but

but the sight only of no use. She was in an undress fit to go into the Bath, her hair dishevell'd, her breast all open, her armes at liberty in great wide Sleeves of a Cambrick smock, and for a covering to the best part about her, she had only a short Jupe that reaching very little lower than the knee, gave the eye free access to delicate legs, and feet dress'd in rich buskins embroydered with Gold, and set over with Diamonds: but in truth this picture I here give you of her, is very differing from, and infinitely short of what I received from *Albiond*.

She was asleep when *Albiond* came first to the window, and he had made so little noise in coming that he did not otherwise, than by violence of his sighs disturb her rest. He was turn'd to a statue, at the sight of so many Graces, and what has been fained of the *Metamorphose's*, was at this time true in him. At last this adorable beauty awak'd, and was the most surpriz'd in the world to see *Albiond* so near her, and blushing as if she had been ashamed of being taken in that posture, called for *Isabella* who was at work in the next room

room to bring her veil, which having thrown over her she went to her beloved love. You have surpriz'd me *Albiond* said she in a very odd posture, and I am afraid, have seen something that you should not have done; I know not what you think of me. What I have seen (*Madam*) replied *Albiond*, has abated nothing of the affection I have for you, and has only serv'd to augment a Passion which I had thought had been by nothing to have been encreased. I, but for all that (added the fair one) I ought to punish you for not waking me at first, which indeed you should have done. If *Madam* (answered the *Cavalier* again) you would allow a mans Soul more liberty when he looks upon you, one should then better know ones duty, but a man turns Marble at the sight of so many charms, and if you had not restored my voice, I do believe I should have continued all day without uttering a word. But what ayld you (said she) that you could not speak. Alas my Soul, *Madam*, my Soul (said he) that you have ravish'd, and do yet retain from me, so that I know not if I am alive, or no, if you do not

## The fair One of Tunis.

please to restore it with a kiss. You shall not dye said the charming *African* for so small a thing as that, and there-upon stretching his armes through the Grates, (the Bars whereof were so wide as to allow room for half the head) she embrac'd, and kiss'd him more than once.

*Raddoppia o bella bocca a mille, a mille  
 Hor sommessi hor profondi, hora tenaci  
 Hora humidetti I bacci, hora mordaci,  
 E risuonar facian queste ville.*

He received and gave all sorts of kisses, in which conflict his lips were so well bit, that they spin'd out of bloud in above twenty places. The desire with which he was at that time enflamed, did not however so totally take away his sence of feeling, that he was not sensible of this strange way of kissing, which made him shew his bloud to the *Sultane/s*, who only laught at it, and wiping his mouth with her own handkercher, call'd his bloud the Soul of sighs, kissing him over and over again, a thousand and a thousand times. Another kind of amorous divertisement  
 the

the Ladies have in that Country, is, to take you under the chin, where they will tweak you so kindly, that for the most part, they bring away the skin upon their nails. *Albiond* in revenge of this kindness recompenc'd himself with his hands for the loss of his blood, and whilst the *Sultaneſs* carrest him after this bloody manner, grop'd her all over, without any manner of respect, which she was so far from being angry at, that she took no notice at all of that action, no more than if she had not perceiv'd it.

Time passes away marvailous swiftly in these sweet occasions, but *Albiond* had not so far lost his senses, that he did not very well remember the time; for his departure already call'd upon him, and that though he had lock'd up himself safe in this apartment, he ought by no means to stay till the Governor should come back to call him out. This might have given him some suspicion, and it was also high time for the *Sultaneſs* to retire, not to give any to the other Women that attended her, who might have thought some accident had betaln her, should she longer than

ordinary have deferr'd to return from the Bath. They began therefore to take leave, and to embrace, as they had been never to see one another again, and so many tears were shed at parting as drown'd all the pleasures they had lately enjoy'd. The *Sultaneſs* at this separation put a very fair Diamond ring upon *Albirond's* finger, and he also gave her another that he used to wear, which were the pledges of their faith. What unconſciousable Usury does love make his poor ſubjects pay for two or three moments of delight! It ſeem'd to *Albirond* that he had loſt the light, being ſeparated from the ſight of his fair *Sultaneſs*, and not knowing which way for the future to come to ſee her ſo near again, he could have wiſht himſelf dead. What he had ſeen, and the ſatisfactions he had had that afternoon, ſo wholly poſſeſſed his mind, that he paſt over the whole night in raving of it, without the leaſt inclination to ſleep. The remembrance of which felicities, furiously augmented his unreſt, and enflam'd his deſires; and when he came to conſider that this had been the greateſt, if not the laſt favour  
he

he should ever receive, he fell into a mortal despair. The *Sultaneſs* in the mean time was no leſs perplext, and took as little reſt as he; for Women are for the moſt part more violent in their paſſions than men, eſpecially when they are once arriv'd at ſuch a point, that there is but one ſtep more to the height of their deſires. This fair Lady ſight away the time upon a Bed which ſhe bath'd with her tears, as if ſhe had been the only perſon in the world that had the greateſt reaſon to be afflicted; and there was nothing but the company of her dear *Iſabella* that did a little conſolate her for the loſs of her deareſt Lover. Pity my grief (ſaid ſhe to her) my dear Slave; and if there be no cure to be had, find out at leaſt ſome way to deceive it. Invent ſome argument, if it be poſſible, to make me believe I ſhall once again embrace my beloved *Albirond*, and receive ſome teſtimony of his real affection for me, for without that I find I cannot live. *Iſabella* promis'd her to employ all the wits ſhe had to try to ſerve her, and to find ſome means to bring *Albirond* into her arms; telling her withal that ſhe had thought

of one expedient which seemed to be the shortest way, but that it had in it a little difficulty, which she much doubted whether *Albirond*, (though she knew he had the courage to attempt it,) had yet the strength to overcome, which was to come through the window they were wont to entertain him at, to which end she would let him down a Rope to help him.

This was in truth a design of the slyer sort, but that nevertheless appear'd almost impossible in the opinion of the *Sultanes*, who concluded the window to be too high for any one to get up to it with the help of one rope only, and therefore fell to contriving other projects, but could think of none wherein the danger of *Albirond*'s ruine was not manifest, and almost certain; and indeed to say the truth, there was no way but that of the window, that could give them any hope to execute their design without apparent danger. They pass'd over the whole night in plotting their heads together upon this subject, and in the morning so soon as it was day, and that *Albirond* was come into the Garden (for  
he

he was grown a mighty early riser) *Isabelle* acquainted him with the perplexity her Lady and her self had all night been in, to contrive some way to get him into the *Stragito*, and that if he was no wiser than they, they could think of no other, then that he must adventure to climb up the wall, and so come in at the window. *Albiond* replied, that after having long tormented himself to find out some invention, he had at last light upon the same thought, and that therefore if she could help him to a Rope, he would presently try what he could do. Upon this the Slave went presently to fetch one she had already prepar'd for the purpose, and return'd bringing the *Sultane's* along with her, who would also lay to her helping hand if need requir'd. They tied the rope then fast to the window, and afterwards let it down to *Albiond*, who in the first ardor, and hopes of his approaching happiness, mounted with admirable agility, and courage the height of ten or a dozen cubits, but the rope that had been ill chosen, though it was spick and span new, would not serve his turn upon this occasion

caſion, it was both too ſmooth, and too ſlender, there was not graſp enough to be taken of it; and it cut his hands to pieces; nevertheleſs he put to his utmoſt force, and redoubling his endeavour, mounted more than half the way. But his vigor could no longer continue in the pain he felt of his hands, and his activity was of ſo little uſe, where his ſtrength fail'd him. It was too invincible a labour to perform without the help of a better rope; and he was ſo weary, that he was able to advance no further, he was therefore conſtrain'd to go down again, and in ſo doing, to let himſelf ſlip ſo faſt, by reaſon of the ſoreneſs of his hands, that he thought he had broke his Legs, and did effectually put one ankle out of joint with the fall.

The *Sultaneſs* was a woful Spectatrix of this unhappy accident; and the cry that *Albion* made at the pain of his foot, pierc'd ſo deeply into her very heart, that ſhe ſunk down half dead into the arms of her beloved Slave. Our unfortunate *Cavalier* was ſo totally taken up with the ſenſe of his own pain, that he took no notice at all of his Miſ-  
ſtrifs

strits swooning, and very much ado he had to crawl three or four paces to lean himself against the wall of the Pavillion; such as have had such mischances, know whether they are painful, or no. In the mean time a little ayr that the Slave gave the *Sultaneſs* by opening her bosom, made her come to her self again, who at the first opening of her eyes, cast them upon her beloved *Albiond* with so languishing a look, as had been of vertue sufficient to have taken away more than the one half of his pain, had it not been awaged before by the tender sence he had already seen she had for his disaster. But he must no longer delay to get some remedy for his foot; wherefore with intollerable pain he made shift to get to the Garden door, where finding his horse ready for him, he immediately mounted, and in a very little time arriv'd at the City.

The *Sultaneſs* saw him limp off in this miserable condition with a heart so shrunk up with sorrow, that she was not able to give him so much as one word; but went presently, and threw her self upon her bed, there to lament

a misfortune so bitter, and of which she accus'd her self for the only cause. Alas (said the afflicted fair one) how miserable (my dear *Albirond*) am I, if I no better reward thy fidelity and affection! are these the favors that I owe to thy generous passion, and do I only love thee to destroy thee! Ye Destinies who are so obstinately bent against me, what pleasure can you take in making me love after this manner, is it not enough that I am once unfortunate, but you must double my misfortunes? Cruel Destinies! let me alone suffer the effects of all your malice, but forbear to wound me in that part where I am so sensible; be less cruel to so dear a Lover, and I will never complain of your utmost severities. His courage, his address, his mind, and all those charming qualities he is Master of to so eminent a degree, should me-thinks plead in his behalf, and prevail upon your obduracy to afford him a better fortune; and Heaven it self should, in my opinion, work something in his favor. Has he merited your displeasure to that degree to be so ill rewarded for his kindness to me? Oh, if it be possible exercise your  
power

power with less injustice, if you will render your selves worthy of our devotion.

Sorrow was here more eloquent than powerful : when it is not excessive there is a certain kind of pleasure in complaining, which the afflicted are sensible of in evaporating their griefs. The *Sultaneſs* her self even in her distress found something of consolation in it, that gave some little ease to her heart ; and *Isabella* who never left her, did all that in her lay to mollifie the cause of her despair. She remonstrated to her, that the hurt *Albirond* had receiv'd was not peradventure so great as she imagin'd it to be, that the next day she hop'd they should see him, and that he would be well, and that even for his sake she ought not to torment her self after that manner ; least by so doing she should make her self sick, than which nothing could more crucifie him. This Slave had so ready, and so flattering a wit, that she could perswade her to whatever she would ; nevertheless it was not enough to this enamour'd Lady to see *Albirond* only, if she could only see him as she had hitherto done,  
and

and though he should be cur'd of his foot, his heart would still remain in the same wounded condition, neither would that amendment in him cure her of her burning desire wherewith she was continually tormented. Ah *Isabella* (said she to her upon this subject) how furious a passion is love, when one has no hope of remedy! What good will it do me to see him, if I do not see him here, if I continue still in the same torments, and cannot obtain opportunity to manifest to him my amorous transports, and mix my Soul with his? Well *Madam* (replied the Slave) have a little patience; Love is ingenuous, and *Albiond* will I warrant you again find means to see you in the Bath, by once more deceiving the Governor. That thou art simple (replied the *Sultaneſs* with a little freedom) to believe that love can be satisfied through an Iron Grate. There must be nothing betwixt us two, but that God of our Souls, and Iron Bars are both too hard, and too cold to permit us to taste the pleasures of an amorous and inflam'd ardor. She spoke with this liberty to *Isabella*, whose heart  
and

and fidelity were sufficiently known to her, and also her torments were a little mollified by these discourses, for a little thing will serve to ease the pains of these Lovers, and to qualifie them for a time. But in the morning when she saw that *Albiond* came not, she then fell in good earnest into so great a sorrow, that she neither eat nor drank any thing of all that day, giving *Iabella* to apprehend, that she would fall into the last despair. The other Slaves that attended on her thought she had been ill of some violent feavor, the rumor whereof was spread throughout the whole *Seraglio*, and in the evening came to the ear of the *Beglerbeg* himself.

*Albiond* so soon as ever he came into the City, presently got his ankle set, and by the advise of his Chirurgion kept his Chamber. He did not however loose his time, but having got a better rope than the former, he fitted it after such manner, that it might be a little more useful to him in the execution of his design. He tied it therefore full of great knots, and with another little cord, that he had also provided,

## The fair One of Turke.

vided, made here and there certain little Rounds or steps upon which he might rest one foot when he was weary. He past over a good part of the night in adjusting this device, and so soon as it was day, finding his feet in a condition to support him without danger, he mounted to horse, and himself carrying the rope along with him, repair'd forthwith to the Garden. *Isabella* who there expected him with great impatience, was continually watching at the window, to spy if she could see him come, and her Mistress would dye if she saw him not that day. So soon therefore as ever she set her eye upon him, she presently ran to carry the tydings to the afflicted *Sultaneſs* who upon the instant started up, and flew with unimaginable swiftness to the place, though her weakness was such as upon any other occasion would hardly have permitted her to set one foot before another, where being come she appeared to her happy Lover in a funeral pomp, which did not ill set off the whiteness of her skin, and which was a great black veil that cover'd her body all over. *Albiroen* discover'd in the  
 eyes

eyes of his beautiful Mistress, as well as in her habit, something that was extraordinary sad, and even her posture was so languishing; that he was afraid some dire misfortune had befallen her; which made him in great anxiety of thought, demand of her the cause of so great sadness; when the Slave seeing her Mistress return no answer, advanced to speak for her, telling him that the *Sultaneſs* had like to have died for sorrow, at the accident had the other day befallen him, which she did apprehend to be much greater than it was, by reason he had not been there the day before, and that that was the cause of the alteration he saw in her. *Albion* then acquainted them with the reason, and consecutively shew'd them the rope he had brought, at the same time linking it at the end of the former, which yet hung down, and which they also drew up to them, and made it fast to the window.

The trees did so shade the wall of that apartment of the *Seraglio*, that *Albion* could not possibly be seen. He therefore began his Scalado, wherein he scrambled so well, and made so

## The fair One of Tunis.

good shift, what with his hands, and what with his feet, that at last with much ado he got up to the window. The *Sultaneſs* had withdrawn her ſelf into her Chamber for fear of ſeeing him receive another diſgrace, ſo that pulling the rope up to him, he follow'd *Iſabella*, who led him by a pair of ſtairs of fifteen or twenty ſteps, which mounted into her Miſtriſſes Chamber. The *Sultaneſs* did not as yet appear, and the impatience of our *Amoroſo* was ſuch as not longer to endure to be delaid from ſeeing her, which made him with great earneſtneſs demand of *Iſabella* where ſhe was, to which the Slave made answer, that ſhe was only gone to put on Ornaments more ſuitable to the preſent joy of ſeeing him in that place, and would immediately return. Accordingly ſhe delaid not to come, and at her firſt entrance into the room throwing herſelf into the armes of her amorous Gallant, ſhe gave him by that action an infallible teſtimony of an extraordinary paſſion; as *Albiond* alſo by devouring kiſſes, and cloſe embraces demonſtrated his; in which affectionate Contention they naturally ſtrove

strove who should exceed each other.

I shall not here trouble my Reader; nor my self with a description of the furniture of this Apartment, within which was a Cabinet or Closet hung with cloath of Gold, set all over with Emeralds and Diamonds, of which I shall only in general give this short account; That it was a place sufficient in it self to have created Love, had they brought none along with them. The *Sultane/s* led *Albiron* into this splendid Cabinet, where they both of them sate down upon embroyder'd Cushions close by a bed of the *Turkish* fashion; and where being sate, they look'd upon one another without speaking one word, as both of them knowing one anothers minds, without it being necessary that either of them should break the Ice. These moments are none of the least happy, but they are of very little duration, and the violence of passion does with great facility transport us to delights of greater ardor. The Beds of that Country are the most commodious in the world, for certain little wanton purposes; they

are very little rais'd from the Ground; and love had rendred the fair *African* so feeble, that *Albiond* with one sigh blew her flat upon her back into the middle of this by which they were seated.

Who that had seen these two young people in this posture, but would have thought the hour of their happiness had been now come, wherein to communicate their mutual fires, and to mix their souls; and that there was now no further obstacle to their full enjoyment of one another: but *Isabella* came just in the nick to spoil the sport, and made them to separate in so great haste, that it was not a minute to be delaid. Ah *Madam* said she (as she entered in to the Cabinet pale, and almost breathless for fear) we are lost, we are undone, for here is the *Beglerbeg* come in, and is already enter'd the Apartment. The very name of the *Beglerbeg*, immediately frose up the blood of the two Lovers already in the height of Circulation, and strook them into so great an astonishment, that *Albiond* knew not which way to take, nor what to do: but the *Sultaneſs* without standing to pause,

pause, hastily going out lock'd him in the Cabinet, from whence he would with all his heart have thrown himself out of the window, had it not look'd into the Base-Court of the *Seraglio*. Neither could he go back by the same way he came without danger of meeting the *Beblerbeg*, so that every thing fill'd him with fear and confusion, and he fancied every moment that he was already taken. He therefore fell to peeping up and down for some little hole, or corner wherein to hide himself, but the place that in the end conceal'd him, was too little to be by him discover'd at first sight, and in a hurry and fright wherein he sought it; though at last he found a little door in a corner of the Cabinet behind the hangings, wherein by good fortune the Key accidentally was, and in opening found that it was (sir-reverence) a house of office. The place was very straight and capable of containing very little more than one person only, especially one of his bulk and stature, however he thought it at this time the finest place that ever he had been in, and very glad he was that he had found it, and per-

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haps it was at that time of all others the most proper for him. I cannot nevertheless affirm that his joy was altogether perfect: For he was not over-safe there, and in the apprehension he was, some one might perhaps have seen him climb the window, who had acquainted the *Beglerbeg* with it, he could not but think he should presently be found out; and it was no small cause he had to fear, for the least that could befall him, should he be taken there, was to be roasted, or fled alive, and that without appeal or any hopes of pardon. The *Sultaneſs* on the other ſide after ſhe had lock'd *Albironde* in the Cabinet, and put the Key in her pocket, went, and threw her ſelf upon the Bed in her Chamber, where ſhe lay expecting *Sidi Mahomet* her husband. In which condition ſhe much needed not to counterſeit being ſick; the fear ſhe was in, not a little contributing to make her look very pale and ill.

The *Beglerbeg* whom the report of his wives ſickneſs had drawn thither ſo early in the morning to cure her by his preſence, at his coming into the room arreſt and kiſt her a thouſand and a thouſand

thousand times; for you must know, that it is ordinary with the *Turkish* Women, when their husbands never so little omit their ordinary visits to them, to take it so hainously to heart, as to be effectually sick indeed. Wherefore *Sedi Mahomet* thinking the *Sultaneſs* had no other Malady but that, and no longer to defer the remedy he purpos'd to apply unto her, bid his wife cause her Cabinet to be opened, for there it was that at his kindest visits he usually paſt the time away with her: But the unfortunate Lady concluding that there would be an end of *Albirond* if ſhe ſhould open it, pretended to have loſt the Key two dayes before. The excuse was paſſable enough to be found out on the ſuddain, but it would not ſerve the turn, for the *Beglerbeg* to ſhew how impatient he was to content her, ſeeing the Key was not to be preſently had, commanded ſome of the Eunuch's to break open the door.

Whoever had at this time been in *Albirond's* place, would doubtleſs, as well as he, have been damnably afraid of his Carcaſs; he heard, and almoſt felt every bounce they gave at the

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door,

door, and then it was that he really believ'd they knew of his being there. Every blow of the hammer pierc'd quite through his head, and so shook his very heart, that he was twice or thrice upon the point, rather to let himself slip down through the hole of the privy, then to suffer those cruel torments that he imagin'd were prepar'd for him. The *Sultaneſs* was in no leſs fear than he, which made her fancy her ſelf already half dead, and was once reſolved to diſcover the whole truth to her huſband, and to make an offer of her own life to ſave her friend.

The door was at laſt forc'd open, whereupon ſhe firſt enter'd in, to hinder the *Beglerbeg* from precipitating a bloody revenge upon her beloved Servant, when being enter'd ſhe was as much aſtoniſh'd on the other ſide, not to ſee him there. She could not imagine what could be become of him, and therefore knew not whether ſhe ſhould rejoice or be ſad, nevertheleſs ſhe fear'd the worſt, and could find nothing in her hope that could miniſter the leaſt conſolation to her: but her good fortune was ſuch, that what diſorder,

order or emotion soever, the *Turk* observ'd in the countenance of his wife, he never attributed it to any thing but her disease, and therefore without penetrating further into the cause of her confusion, past away with her half an hour upon the same bed where *Albiroind* had begun to be happy. After which he took her along with him to go both together into the Bath, and then it was that the *Sultane's* cast her eyes round for *Isabella*, to give her some account of *Albiroind*, and what was become of him; but she playd least in sight, for the Slave out of the apprehension she had conceived that *Sedi Mahomet's* fury should extend it self even to her (as it was very likely it would) was gone to hide her self in a secret place of the *Seraglio*, from whence also she came not out, till she heard the noise they made in going to the Bathe. At this noise she took a little heart, and by reason she heard no sound of anger or complaint, concluded that all was at peace, and well in the *Seraglio*. In this opinion therefore she crept by degrees into her Mistresses Apartment, where being come, not any one said one syllable

ble to her, and yet she knew not what to think to see the door of the Cabinet open, where she still concluded that *Albironde* must needs be, and out of that conceipt fell to searching up and down for him; which having done a pretty while to no effect, she then went to enquire of her companions for the *Sultaneſs*. Upon enquiry she found all things as well as heart could wiſh, and she was only in pain for the unfortunate *Albironde*, whom she could not imagine what ſhould be become of, which made her again rumble up and down the Cabinet; to ſee if ſhe could not find him hid in ſome corner of the room. To this purpoſe ſhe liſted up the Arras quite round the Cabinet, and in ſo doing paſt twice or thrice by the door of the houſe of office, but not ſeeing the Key in it, ſhe concluded he could not be there. Nevertheleſs, a little recollecting her ſelf, and remembering that ſhe had left it in the door that morning, ſhe had I know not what kind of Jealouſy, that *Albironde* was infallibly hidden in that place. There was now no body left in the Apartment, all the other Slaves being by this time gone  
down

down after the *Sultaneſs*, and ſhe had made the doors ſo ſure that no body could get in but by her admiffion; ſo that ſhe rapt at the cloſet door with great aſſurance, calling *Albironde* aloud by his name, who preſently made answer demanding of her if the coaſt was clear, and if he might come out in ſafety, to which ſhe having made answer that he might, that ſhe was all alone, and there was no cauſe of fear, ſhe ſo far aſſured him that he a little recovered his loſt Spirits at the good news, and ventur'd to come out. *Iſabella* could not at his firſt appearance forbear laughing, to ſee him look ſo dejected, and ſo pale, and in that merry pin aſkt him, how he had paſt away his time in that houſe of eaſe; Why, much worſe (replied *Albironde*) than any one can imagine, and than any one unleſs they had been in my place, can believe. But what did you think (added the Slave) would have become of you, and what did you reſolve to have done, had you been diſcover'd? I had not my wits ſo much about me (replied *Albironde*) to conſider what I had to do, and all that I can tell you is, \* that never

\* A very  
ingenious  
confeſſion.

any

any one did their business better than I have done in this house of office; and will further confess to you that my fear had very like to have made me scummer myself to death. Love (continued he) is apt to commit many follies, but I think it was more than an ordinary folly to purchase two or three hours satisfaction at such a price; for it would not only have cost me my life, but moreover that of the *Sultaneſs*, which is a thousand times dearer to me than my own. These reflections (said *Isabella*) alwaies come too late, and when there is no need of them. if Love had not its dangers, the pleasure would not have been half so great. I have known as wise people as your self, who have run as great a hazard as this of yours, and have not come off half so well as you have done. Alas! and here a deep sigh made a Period to the beautiful Slaves oration, and that sigh was also accompanied with some \* tears, which with her handkerchief she endeavour'd to conceal. I very well perceive said *Albiond* (who was soon aware of the shower) what this means, and I have before now discovered in your

\* A perfect Woman, that laugh, and cry in a moment.

your countenance, that you are not a person to be enslav'd, had not some extraordinary misadventure contributed to the mishap; which also you ought not to conceal from me, for you see that I am upon very good terms with the *Beglerbeg*, and that I have some interest with the *Sultaneſs*, with which advantages I fancy at least, I may be able to do you some Service. Deny me not then an account of your fortunes, I am your friend, and you ought not to distrust me, who repose so absolute a confidence in your friendship and virtue; prepare your self therefore to give me this satisfaction, that I may contrive some way to serve you, and if you think fit, let it be with the first opportunity; for at present I conceive it very necessary for me to retire; and having done enough at this bout to escape the fright I have been in, and therefore let me take my leave of the *Sultaneſs* and depart. The Slave then told him that her Mistress was with *Sidi Mahomet* in the Bath, where she usually continued with him two or three hours, and that unless he intended to spoil all, and to loose himself, he was not to think of retiring by

by the same way that he came, by reason that the *Beg's* attendants were many of them in the Garden, and therefore he must of necessity stay till he was gone. *Albirond* therefore remain'd still in the Cabinet, but with much less apprehension, then before, when the Slave had assur'd him, that it was *Sidi Mahomet's* custom, so soon as ever he came out of the Bath to return immediately to the City. The opportunity then being so favourable wherein to satisfy his curiosity in the History of the fair *Isabella*, he would by no means loose it, but looking very intently upon her, the more I look upon you (said he) the more I discover in you the Qualities of an extraordinary person; I shall not however desire to penetrate very far into your secrets, forasmuch as that may perhaps be troublesome if not offensive to you, I shall therefore only desire to know so much of your life, as you have your self a mind to tell me; but withal I cannot but declare that I have an extream desire to oblige you, and do assure you that you shall in me find the fidelity of a man whose profession as well as ambition it has ever been

been to serve the beautiful sex, and to be useful to the Commonwealth of Ladies. I see very well (replied the fair Slave) that my tears have discovered to you, one part of my misfortune, and I find my heart inclin'd to lay open its deepest wounds to your view, my eyes have already told you too much for me to gainsay, and the esteem I have of your person has so great an Empire over me, that though I were certain to perish by my own confession, I could not nevertheless conceal any thing from you; perhaps you had already heard the whole story of my unfortunate life, had I had opportunity wherein to have made you the Relation, and seeing you have the Complaisance to give ear to the complaints of a poor afflicted person, I will not loose this of satisfying your curiosity in the particulars of a disastrous fortune, wherein I will also disguise nothing of the truths: and if in the conduct of my life you shall peradventure find any thing fit to condemn, yet the franckness and candor wherewith I intend to lay all things open to you, will perhaps oblige you to pardon the follies of a heart subjected to Love.

The

*The History of Donna Isabella de  
Penarocca, and Don Pedro  
de la Mera:*

**I** Was born in the City of *Valence* in *Spain*, descended from one of the noblest Families of the Kingdom called *Penarocca*, and from Ancestors whose blood upon several brave occasions hath given testimony of their valor, and whose vertues and merit have rais'd them to the principal Charges, and chiefest Commands in *Spain*. My birth was happy enough, Nature having brought me into the world in such a condition, and having been (if I may say so) too liberal both to my person, and my mind for me reasonably to complain; and I was brought up under the care of a Mother who was so passionately fond of me, that in leaving the World, she had no other regret but only to part with me. Heaven (which it appears had no intention to favor me long) began in her death to persecute me. I was at the time when she died too young to lament her death

death to such a degree as became the funeral of so excellent a Mother, and to be enough sensible of the great loss I sustain'd; but time has since obtain'd that from my better understanding which my innocence knew not how justly to pay to her obsequies: I was left (together with one only brother) to console a Father, whom the sole consideration and fear of making us unhappy, prevented in the resolution he had taken to die, that he might not survive so sensible a separation. The passion he had for his Wife was very manifest in the affection he ever bare to us; for he would never marry again, though he was of such a vigorous age, as might justly excuse it, but made it his whole concern to bring us up after such manner as became children of our Quality. Our Family was very rich, and out of regard to the portion, I had good reason to expect, there were a great many Matches ready for me in *Valence*, even before I was of an age to be married. My Father, who was in no great haste to marry me away, and whose only joy almost it was to see me with him, would not so soon part with me,

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but suffered me at liberty to enjoy those first years of Youth, which certainly are the sweetest and most pleasant of ones whole life. I had at that time an Aunt who liv'd in a very fair Country-house, two leagues only from the Town. She was a Widow, and had no Children, and the Estate my Father expected she should leave him at her decease, besides the affection of a Brother, oblig'd him to an extraordinary complacency towards her. In this dear Aunt of mine I found almost the Love and Fondness I had lost in a passionately affectionate Mother; she would have me continually with her, so that whatever my Father could pretend in the necessity of his affairs that requir'd my presence in his own house, he was nevertheless constrain'd to let me bear her company above the one half of the year. This place also where I had more liberty than in the City, pleas'd me much more than the other, and what with the pleasure of the Chace, and often going abroad, we there past away our time in a more delightful leisure. We had there for the most part very good company, but that which most delight-

delighted me was the pleasure I took in entertaining my self sometimes alone in a little wood, that was not above two hundred paces distant from the house. There it was that I us'd to meditate under some over-grown Trees, the shades whereof were very proper to nourish a little melancholick humor, to which I have all my life been a little inclin'd.

One day that I adventur'd to walk a little further in this wood than I was wont at other times to do, without other Company than a young Maid only that attended on me, I was suddainly surpriz'd with a noise of Horses, that me-thought made directly towards me, and that by the career of their speed, I judg'd would presently be upon me. I had curiosity enough to stay their coming, but withal a certain trouble that seiz'd me to see my self thus alone, made me resolve to return without seeing who they were. Nevertheless, I was diverted from this resolution also by my Brothers voice, which I knew very well at distance, though I could not understand what he said, and that gave me some assurance, He was in

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## The fair One of Tunis.

company with *Don Pedro de la Mera*, and the *Marquis de Pignastella*, both of them Gentlemen of the best quality of *Valence*, who galloping full-drive towards me, cryed out to me as loud as ever they could, to look too my self; but I knew not of what I was to take heed, for I saw nothing, and the very fear I was in made me incapable of any resolution. *Don Pedro* was the first that came up, and very opportunely, to deliver me from the fury of a wild Boar they had hunted from break of day in the morning, and that had it not been for *Don Pedro* came to fall upon me, as if his only revenge had aim'd at me alone. This generous *Cavalier* seeing me in this manifest danger immediately leap'd from his Horse, clap'd hand to his poignard, and with a brave resolution expected the encounter of the furious Animal. He accordingly at his first approach attack'd and wounded him; but the force of this Boar was so great, that being after the wound more enrag'd than before, he put us all into extream fear of *Don Pedro's* life. He had buried his poignard all but the Guards in the throat of this furious Beast,

Beast, which he did not think fit to draw out again, seeing him yet in so great a rage; he had also with his other hand seiz'd his neck; but for all that he was not Master of him, and he reasonably doubted to come off with the worse in the end, which made him call out to my Brother and the *Marquis* to shoot. My Brother who lov'd him infinitely well, and who was afraid of making an unlucky shot, in killing the one instead of the other, durst not adventure to fire his pistol upon the Beast, but bid the *Marquis* do it, who accordingly did, though not so well nevertheless, but that in laying the Boar dead upon the place, he also cruelly wounded *Don Pedro*.

I beheld all this strange adventure with a trembling that I could not shake off, nor perswade to leave me even after the Boar was dead. My Brother and the *Marquis* both of them ran in to their friend to congratulate with him for his deliverance, the joy whereof they could not however rightly relish in the grief they had to see him yet remain so unfortunately hurt. 'Tis true, the wound of it self was not very dan-

gerous, but it might have proved so, had not the blood been suddenly staunch'd, which issued out in very great abundance; the sight of this it was that made me give my handkerchief, my veil, and whatever I had about me, that was proper for ligature, to do him service upon this occasion. In the meantime my Aunt, who had heard something of this accident by the Maid that waited on me, and who had run home again upon the first alarm, came with five or six of her servants, who took up *Don Pedro*, and carried him to her house, where all the care was taken of him, that a man of his quality could expect, and the service he had done for me did justly deserve.

I was not much acquainted with this *Cavalier*, for I had never seen him but once before with my brother, but the good Office he had so lately done me, appear'd to me so highly considerable, and the blood he had spilt only to preserve mine, had touch'd my heart with so sensible a pity, that I conceiv'd the care of his cure principally belonged to me, and was assensible of his mischance, if not more than he was himself

self. He was handsome, had a great deal of wit, and withal had so particular a grace in every thing he said or did, that the least action of his was sufficient to make one love him. I was then very young being not full sixteen, and the little conversation I had had with Lovers made me so ignorant in those affairs, that I scarce knew what Love was. The *Marquis* had been the first who had ever spoke to me of any such thing, he indeed had pretended to me, who also being of a very illustrious Family, my Father had not thought fit to forbid him. He therefore had spoke to me three or four times to that purpose, which I had ever entertain'd and look'd upon as the discourses of a Man of wit, who spoke very well; and consequently without taking any further notice of the liberty he took in declaring his passion, had only laugh'd at that, whereat, had I understood myself, I ought to have been offended, and gave him leave to say whatever he would upon that subject. His affairs however were nothing the more advanc'd by those opportunities I gave him to court me, and whether it were

that he wanted a friend in my heart to speak for him, or that he had not the art to gain it in his favor, his Courtship made no manner of impression; but on the contrary I conceiv'd such a (I know not what) kind of animosity against him, from the time that he had hurt *Don Pedro*, though he had done it out of a friendly design, that after that I scarce ever saw him, but with a dislike, even to horror. I knew well enough that he had wounded him with an intention to do him service, and that I had no reason to think the more of him upon that account, yet could I not conquer my aversion to him; I could have wish't he had been more *adroit* and that he had done what was impossible for him to do. To conclude, and to tell you the truth, this wound was so fresh and bleeding in my heart, that I could not so soon forgive him, what reason soever in my own sense he might have on his side to plead in his behalf.

This injustice of mine towards the *Marquis* had perhaps no other foundation, than the too tender sentiments I had entertain'd in favor of *Don Pedro*, whom

whom I was eternally commending for his generosity and courage, was continually and openly declaring that I stood oblig'd to him for my life, and was evermore keeping a great clutter and taking visibly upon me the care to see him well look'd unto, and carefully serv'd. My Aunt and my Brother attributed this diligence and passion of mine to no other cause, but only to the gratitude and acknowledgment the signal service he had done me oblig'd me to, but the *Marquiss*, (whom Love had made much clearer sighted, and who interpreted the care I took of *Don Pedro* like a jealous Lover,) penetrated deeper into the truth of what began to spring in my bosome, and consequently from that time forward began to conceive a Mortal and implacable hatred against his friend. His jealousy soon discover'd it self, and he was not long before he gave me infallible testimonies of it, of which the first occasion he took was, when one day he heard me enquire of *Don Pedro's Valet de Chambre* how his Master did. You concern your self so very much (said he) for this sick man, that I think if he quickly

quickly recover he will stand oblig'd to you for the best part of his cure. I could be glad (replied I) that he should be oblig'd to me for it all, and yet I should think I had not made a sufficient return for the Life I owe to his Valour. Could every one (said he) who would willingly expose themselves for you, assure themselves of such an acknowledgment, they would be too happy. I know not (answered I) who those are that would run the same hazard; but I have seen *Don Pedro* do it, and that is enough. At these last words I would have gone away to disengage my self from further parly with him, but he follow'd me continuing to say after this manner to me; 'tis in truth (*Madam*) a very inconsiderable service once only to expose a mans life for you; there are who every day dy before your eyes, without the least reward of compassion from you, and without your being in the least concern'd for them. To this I would return no answer, either because I did not on the suddain understand his meaning, or rather (if you will have it so) because I had no mind to understand him, that I might  
put

put an end to a discourse that was by no means pleasing to me; where my Brother came in very opportunely to my relief, and delivered me from my importunate Gallant, by taking him along to go see the fishing, for those great fishes they call Gurnards.

This fishing was to be performed close by the Sea shore, not above a quarter of a League distant from the house, so that my Aunt had also the curiosity to go see it, whom I found ready to take Coach, and who would also take me along with her, to be of the party. I doubt not *Albion* but you have heard of this fishing, the season whereof is every year in *August* and *September*, and make no question but you very well know the greatness and the strength of this sort of fish. 'Tis a sport of great entertainment, and very well worth the seeing; but our *Cavalier* having told her that he had seen it, and that it was also in use in his Country, *Isabella* pass over the description. The Fishermen (continued she) were ready, and only stayed our coming to give us the diversion; when seeing us come they began to fall to  
their

their business to put themselves in order, and to handle their Tridents, a sort of weapon they make use of against these Fish. Our *Cavaliers* would also have a hand in the business, and would have their share of the labour, as well as of the sport, and to that end mixt themselves with the Fishermen, where they signaliz'd their force and dexterity against these overgrown Fishes. Of these there was a prodigious number, and of a most prodigious greatness, the least of them being as big as a man, and the manner wherewith they disengaged themselves from the hands of the Fishers, and the resistance they made with their tails, had something of astonishing in it. My Aunt and I were in a little boat by our selves, without the nets, to behold the pleasure of the combat; but our pleasure was of very short continuance and paid with a very great hazard we run of being both drown'd. The nets were, it should seem, old, and had been long used; and the number of the Fishes were so great, that having met with a part of the net that was more rotten than the rest, or perhaps already broken, twenty or  
thirty

thirty of them rush'd through together with so great swiftness and fury, that meeting our boat in the way they presently overturn'd it, plunging my Aunt and me into three or four Fathom depth of Water. The *Marquis* was the nearest to us, and first aware of our disaster. There was no time to loose; he could swim very well, and therefore threw himself into the water with so seasonable a promptness to my relief, that he arriv'd at me just as I rose again from the bottom, from whence my cloaths had bore me up, where supporting me with one hand, and swimming with the other, he presently brought me ashore, which also was not far from us. Two Fishermen that were nimbler, or quicker at least than my brother, did the same service for my Aunt, who suffer'd a little more by the accident than I had done, I having been sooner reliev'd, and yet the fright which had wholly possess'd my Spirits, had reduc'd me to such a condition, that I lay for dead. They then help'd us to discharge the water we had drunk in, by which we were something reliev'd; but the weakness wherein I found myself was,

was such, that I yet shew'd very small sign of life. The Grief the *Marquis* was in to see me in this condition is not to be express'd, but it was very visible in his face, and the tears which he could not refrain were a speaking proof of the passion he had for me.

So soon as I came a little to my self, I enquir'd news of my Aunt, and was not a little surpriz'd to find my self in the *Marquis*'s arms, and yet more to see his face all cover'd over with tears. I must confess, that in this posture, he was an object to have touch'd the most obdurate person in the world with compassion, and this tenderness of his spoke so highly in his favor, that it had been to have had no heart not to have been a little sensible for him. He at least merited my esteem; but to what use serves merit, when a man is destin'd to be unhappy; for although every thing pleaded in his behalf, my heart return'd no answer, and was wholly possess'd with the Love of another, so that my understanding only paid him the acknowledgment due to his passion; and *Don Pedro* was Master of all the rest.

In

In the mean time they put us into the Coach, in the pickle we were taken out of the Sea, and presently brought us home, where we found all things necessary to relieve us, and to bring us again to our selves. In this case fear was our greatest evil, for we had receiv'd no harm from the Fish; and my Aunt who was of a less delicate nature than I, in three or four dayes left her bed, and I thought the time exceeding long, and my weakness was furiously afflicting to me, in that it would not permit me to continue my little services to *Don Pedro*, who now began to quit his Bed, and to walk up and down his Chamber. He saild not immediately upon the disaster had befallen me, to send his *Valet de Chambre* to complement me upon the occasion, by whom I return'd this answer, go tell thy Master (said I) that the greatest inconvenience I find in my sickness, is, that it deprives me of the pleasure I had in contributing something to his cure.

Although *Don Pedro* had never seen me but that one time I spoke of before, when my Brother brought him into the House,

House, he had however at that very moment been touch'd with the most tender sentiments it was possible to have for any person with whom one is the most passionately in love. He had found out in me I know not what kind of charms that engage people to love at first sight, without any great reason why, and his passion was daily augmented by the difficulties he found of obtaining means and opportunity to declare his affection to me. Neither could he think of any way so likely, and so fair by which to obtain his desire, as by contracting a strict friendship with my Brother, which also without any great difficulty he brought to pass. He likewise fancied he had given no ill beginning to his design in the service he had done me in exposing his life against the furious Boar; but when he heard of the *Marquis's* good fortune, and the new obligation I had to him for a second life also, his jealousy faild but very little of throwing him into such a despair, as with his own hands to tear open his wound, and wilfully to destroy himself. He knew very well what a passion the *Marquis* had for

for me, that my Father approv'd of it, and made no question but that this last adventure would totally gain me to him; the thought whereof afflicted him in such sort, that whatever obliging messages I had sent him by his servant, he perverted them wholly to his own disadvantage; and poyson'd himself with that which ought in reason to have been his cure. He repeated from time to time the words had been brought him from me, and from thence form'd a fatal sentence against himself: Go (said the poor afflicted *Cavalier*) and tell thy Master, that the greatest inconvenience I find in my own indisposition, is, that this accident deprives me of the pleasure I took in contributing something to his cure. Is not this (continued he) to give me plainly enough to understand, that my Rivals last service has obliterated all the obligation she could have to that she received from me, and that she cannot without injustice do any thing in my favor? Yes, I confess it (charming *Isabella*) he has perform'd more for you, than I could do, he has rescued you from the merciless waves wherein you were a-

bout to perish, and in so doing expos'd his own life to manifest ruine: Yet (said he again presently after) did not I also rescue you from as great a danger of death, and did not I also venture my life more adventurously than he, and does that merit nothing? Have I only escaped the Tusks of that enraged Beast, to dye by you? Ah how much more happy had my fate been, in putting an end to my dayes to prolong yours, than thus to wear it away in this miserable manner, without any hope ever to approach the delight of my eyes, and my only bliss!

After this manner it was that *Don Pedro* afflicted himself in the best estate of his most prosperous fortune; and to this degree of unhappiness was he reduc'd, by being ignorant of his happiness, whilst the *Marquis* pass'd away his time much better than he; his Love flattered his hope, and after so great a service as he had lately done me, in redeeming me from the Sea, he made no question but that a generous heart, as mine was, must of necessity surrender it self up to his passion. But what share could I give him in my heart, if the

the destinies had already so favour'd *Don Pedro*, that it was no more my own? would he have had me; or could he in reason expect, that seeing there was some tenderness due to an action that had deliver'd me from death, I should be less grateful to his Rival than to him, who had perform'd the same service for me, and that with an equal, if not a greater hazard of his own life? perhaps he imagined that there was only an acknowledgment due to the other, but alas! there is little room for a bare acknowledgment in love; and we little insist upon such poor returns, when we are once possess'd with such sentiments as those in the behalf of any person, our hearts then going altogether one way, and there can be no rivalry in hearts, though there is in pretenders.

I now began to rise from my bed, and was well enough to endure the Visits of my friends; my brother therefore came bringing the two *Cavaliers* along with him to see me, and in entring into my Chamber, I have brought here (Sister said he) two of my best friends to give you a visit, to both of which you  
I 2 are

in a very little space become indebted for your life, for the one has rescued you from the fury of a Boar, and the other preserved you from the deep; so that after what manner soever you shall consider these two generous actions, I doubt it will puzzle you to determine to which of the two you think your self the most oblig'd, and which way to recompence their services without rendring the one jealous of the other, and dissatisfied with you. I was surpriz'd to see them both come in together, which made me blush, and put me into some disorder, of which the Rival *Cavaliers*, who immediately took notice of it, made a various interpretation. *Don Pedro* concluding it to proceed from the trouble of seeing him there, and that serv'd to confirm him in his former opinion: but the *Marquis* more happy in his *Ideas* than he, took it quite after another *Bias*, and turn'd it to his own advantage. In the mean time my heart was possess'd with thoughts quite contrary to theirs; for it is true that I was a little out of countenance to see in the person of the *Marquis* a man to whom I stood oblig'd for  
my

my life, and whom I could find in my heart to recompence with no more, but only a bare esteem, whilst my heart was wholly given up to *Don Pedro*. Could my Brother have penetrated into my bosom, he might there have seen the effects of my injustice, but withal of a necessary injustice proceeding only from this, that having been too generous in favor of the first, I had no more left me but a will only to console the other. I was a little perplexed with the question he put to me, and *Don Pedro* very seasonably prevented me, to give me time to think of an answer. I conceive (said he looking upon me) that we are both of us sufficiently rewarded in the glory of these two adventures. *Cavaliers* make a profession of serving fair Ladies, without pretending to other recompence, than that of having serv'd them. I know (said I) what esteem I ought to have both of one, and the other; I acknowledg their merits to be equal, and know very well what so considerable a service as that for which I stand oblig'd to either of them, may reasonably exact from me: but you Brother (said I) who have so

great an interest in my life, will your self I hope acquit me of these obligations, for I must ingenuously confess I find my self perplext how to do it. Every one payes their own debts Sister (answered my Brother laughing) and I shall not engage my self for you to Creditors that perhaps I should not be able to satisfie. If either of us (said the *Marquis*) then can pretend to any thing more than the honor of having done you service, it is *Don Pedro* without doubt, who has lost some of his blood to preserve yours, whereas it has cost me no more but only the shifting of my Cloaths. If either of our actions (replied *Don Pedro* to him) be considerable, 'tis rather yours, wherein you exposed your self more, than I did; who only lost my blood because I wanted dexterity to kill the Boar. Sister (said my Brother) if we will believe these Gentlemen, it will be no very hard matter to disingage you from your obligation; but I would nevertheless hear you with your own mouth determine to which of them you think your self the most oblig'd. I have already told you Brother (said I) how hard a thing  
it

it would be for me to do it, I shall therefore rely upon your better judgment, without engaging my self in a determination, that would infallibly make me pass for an ingrateful person in the opinion of one of these two *Cavaliers*. Upon this my Aunt came into the room, and we fell upon other discourse; and, to tell you the truth, she came in very good season for me, who was in great fear I should not very well disengage my self from a discourse, wherein I saw I was too much prest by my Brother. At last he went out, and my two Lovers with him, each of them possess'd with the same opinion that before, saying that *Don Pedro* felt himself a little reliev'd from his former trouble, and began to conceive a little hope from certain kind glaunces I had cast upon him, and that might have made him promise to himself all he could have desir'd, had he not been prepossess'd with such a jealousy as blinded his understanding. However he observ'd enough to inform him that he ought to despair of nothing, till he should first see further into the affair, upon laying open his heart unto me; an opportunity

nity that he long'd for, and panted after with the greatest impatience, and that he took hold of after this manner.

One night that they were all three in my Chamber, and that my Brother was set to Cards with the *Marquis, Don Pedro*, and I, one on the one side of the Table, and the other on the other to see them play, and sometimes talking to one another of several things. I perceiv'd the trouble he had in his heart, by what I discovered in his face, and his eyes discours'd unto me quite another thing, than what came from his mouth. A certain pleasure that I took in looking upon him, by degrees dispers'd all those clouds in his countenance, and I observ'd that his sadness clear'd up, as those innocent favors he receiv'd from my eyes encreas'd upon him. He therefore took a little heart, and in truth it was high time for him to declare himself, for he was to go away the next morning to return to *Valence*. He could not approach so near me, as to whisper in my ear a secret of so great importance as that of his Love; the Laws of civility, and fair fashion not permitting such

such liberties in our grave and severe Country; neither could he aloud open his bosom to me, in the presence of two of the most dangerous witnesses he had to fear. He was therefore fain to make use of this device, by which you will see what shift Love can make, and how ingenuous and inventive it is in contriving how to declare and make it self known. He took some Cards that were thrown out of the Game, and held them over the Candle till they were all over black'd with the flame, which he did with so indifferent an ayr, and without discontinuing his discourse, as though he had done it without any manner of design. After which with the corner of another Card, he writ upon one of those he had smutted for the purpose, some verses, which I think I yet remember, and they were these.

*Press'd with an amorous extasy,  
Ought I to speak or hold my breath?  
If I speak not, alas, I dye;  
And if I speak, my sawcy tongue  
For offering to my fair that wrong,  
Can nothing hope thereby but death.*

After

## The fair One of Tunits.

After he had fill'd that Card, he past it over very dextrously to my side of the Table, which whilst I was reading he took another upon which he continued to write after this manner.

*No, on this choice I stick too long,  
Respect to her will tie my tongue;  
She shall interpret, she, and she alone  
Of the excess of my true flame,  
And my death one day shall proclaim,  
So great, and so discreet a passion.*

He did by this as he had done by the other, and convey'd it to me to read, without either my Brother, or the *Marquis*, (who were intent upon their play) taking notice of us at all; after which I receiv'd a third also, no less gallant than the other two; and of which as I remember these were the words:

*(art  
The Paleness of my face, which with such  
Such speaking lines has painted out my  
(flame,  
Is Speech too eloquent not to proclaim  
The power a fair one has over my heart:  
And*

*And that no one can Amarillis see,  
So fair and bright, but must her Martyr be.*

I look'd upon him twice or thrice in reading these papers, with an ayr, sufficient to give him to understand in my eyes more than he could reasonably have desired of me; but he was in such fear there to meet with the sentence of his death, that he durst hardly lift up his to look upon me, but kept himself in such a posture as would have mov'd my compassion, had I had no inclination to love him. By this time I conceiv'd he had said enough to me to deserve an answer, and in that thought took one of the Cards also; after having defac'd the Characters of those he had writ upon it, and set my self to framing an answer, by so much the more obliging, by how much I had no mind to suffer him longer to languish, but to assure him of my heart. You see how easy a thing it is for Love to triumph over a young heart, that has never been acquainted with him. I here made a duty of a favor, that I ought not to have granted till after the extreamest violence of assault, and yielded him

him a confession by way of advance, that ought to have been forc'd, and extracted from me with the greatest power of importunity and prayer. I gave all the liberty to my sighs they would themselves desire, under the shadow of a generosity of mind, believing the effects of my tenderness towards him, to be the effects of a grateful heart. After this manner Love did his business so well, that he had already instructed me how to answer a declaration of Love; and I found no great difficulty in expressing my self upon this subject, but I was not so *adroit* as he in conveying the Card over the Table. The *Marguifs* who had his eye almost continually upon me, and who had seen me write surpriz'd me in the manner, and so, that he had snatch'd it out of my hands, had I not been very nimble to prevent him. This insolent action of his, and the vexation I was in to have succeeded so ill in my design, put me to the blush, and were the occasion that I spake a little angerly to him. This is very bold (said I) to offer to snatch a thing from me, that you have nothing to do withal, and that was not intended for you. It is true

true (answered he) that it was intended for *Don Pedro*, but he and I are so good friends, that I thought I might partake with him in a favor that came from you. At this *Don Pedro* who had made a shew of taking no notice at all of what had past, was ready to break in-to fury, rage presently mounted into his eyes, and he was just upon the point to have discharg'd his anger, but I immediately appeased him with such a look, as gave him to understand, he would oblige me in letting matters alone, and proceeding no further. I would not so much my self as return the *Marquis* any answer, for fear of pushing things on too far, which were in a better posture as they were, than if I had made him never so good a Repartie. They then continued their play, and *Don Pedro* who had exercised an extream violence over himself in restraining his passion, was constrained to make some pretence to go out of the room, that he might unload his heart of the rage wherewith it was overcharged and oppressed. It was not long before he return'd again a little better compos'd, and at his coming made me

to

to understand, that he should be very glad of an answer from me; but I had no mind to recommence a sport, wherein I had at the first assay faild to succeed. The obliging manner wherewith I spoke to him, had been sufficient of it self to give him comfort, had not his evil been extream: but besides that one is never enough assured of what they do with the greatest passion desire, he moreover fancied the *Marquiss* to be a very dangerous Rival.

His jealousy was very much augmented by a little squabble that hapned betwixt them the same night, and of which one of my gloves was the occasion. I fell, I know not upon what foregoing discourse, to speaking at the Gloves that were made at *Valence*, which I said, I thought were as good as those of *Madrid*, of which that *Don Pedro* might better judg, I pull'd off one of those I had on which were of *Valence*, and gave it to him to smell unto, who kist it two or three times after a very amorous fashion, and afterwards restored it to me again, which as I was about again to draw on, the *Marquiss* who had

a mind to have the same honor, entreated me to let him see it. To tell you the truth, I was very glad of this opportunity, as well to revenge my self upon him, as also to shew *Don Pedro* a favor, which made me deny him in these words, that I spoke something after a disdainful manner. It is not amiss *Marquis* (said I) a little to punish you for your boldness to teach you to be more discreet another time; but he from whom this preference had taken away all manner of reason and discretion, stept suddenly up to me, and without any kind of respect, at one rude twitch snatcht it out of my hand. This violence did very much surprize me, and I was so highly offended at it, that durst I have discover'd my indignation before my Brother, I had doubtless past the bounds of a Virgin modesty: but *Don Pedro* who had a particular reason, as you shall presently hear, that this glove should not fall wholly into the *Marquis's* hands, did not in this sudden surprize, neglect the care to rescue it out of his possession, but leaping upon him, seiy'd upon one half of the Glove, and would never let go his hold; but as they

they were tugging who should get it clear from the other, growing in heat with the *Marquis's* opposition, who held as fast as he, he told him softly in his ear, that it should cost him his life if he did not let it go: but that was no good argument to the *Marquis* to persuade him, who more than ever stung with jealousy and honor, strove with all the force he had to make himself wholly Master of the Glove; answering *Don Pedro* with great vehemency, (but likewise in his ear,) that it should cost him his life, if he longer persisted to oppose his design.

My Brother, who as yet knew nothing of *Don Pedro's* passion, took a delight in seeing them scuffle; and thereupon fell to railling the *Marquis*; but the dispute proceeding at last too far to make any longer a jest of it, he began to apprehend that they might in the end grow into extreams; wherefore being very well acquainted with the *Marquis's* his fierceness and *Don Pedro's* spirit, without letting them grow to greater heat, stepping betwixt them, he entreated them to forbear further contest, and to deliver the Glove to him.

To

To this they both consented, having both of them too great a respect for my Brother not to acquiesce in his desire, and besides it was not the interest either of the one or the other in their pretences to me, to be upon ill terms with him. After this manner then my Glove was restor'd back to me, but in a very ill plight; they gave over their play, and the two Rivals parted, as we thought, very fair. My Brother who observ'd them to be yet both of them very much incoast, did not however make them embrace upon the instant, not thinking what had past betwixt them to be of such importance that it ought to have been any more remembered having slept upon it, especially by two persons betwixt whom he thought there was so great a friendship, as was not to be broken by so small a difference, so that they retir'd each of them to his own apartment, and left me at liberty to go to Bed. Being left to my self, the first thing I did was to put my glove into a better form, for it was betwixt my two Gallants strain'd out of all manner of shape, when putting my hand into it to that purpose, I was

a little surpriz'd to find a paper folded up like a letter : I open'd it, and at the bottom saw *Don Pedro's* name subscrib'd, and then presently understood the reason he had to make such a bustle about the Glove to retrieve it out of the *Marquis's* hands, and then also perceiv'd he had taken opportunity to write it at the time he had withdrawn into his Chamber : but could not imagine with what *legerdemain* he had convey'd it into my Glove ; for though my eye had never been off him whilst he had had it in his hand, I perceiv'd nothing at all of the conveyance. I was then impatient to know the Contents, and I will communicate them to you, for I have ever carried all his Letters about me wherever I went. In saying which *Isabella* took a little Casket she had in the very same Cabinet where they were, from which drawing out several papers, and having tumbled some time amongst them for the right one, she in the end found out this, which opening she delivered to *Albion* to read, who there found these words.

Had

**H**Ad I not (Madam) been withheld by the fear of offending you, the Marquiss had been punish'd upon the place for his insolence, and nothing but the absolute power you have over me, could have hindered me from taking a prompt revenge. Judge then, I beseech you, how great that power is, and how great the Passion I have for you must be, by the violence I have practis'd upon my self in this occasion. I should never have dared to have spoke so freely to you, were it not now high time to do it, I having this night only left me wherein to be resolv'd whether I must live or die. The Cards you read may perhaps have inform'd you of the straight I am in; but I know not what I am to hope for from the answer you then made me; and yet I shall not look upon it in the nature of an obligation I have to the Marquiss that he prevented me from seeing the sentence of my mishap. For however I stand in your favor and esteem, 'tis a shorter way, and much more welcome to die, than to live in the suspense wherein I now am, how you approve of the most humble Protestations I here make you of a most profound respect, and of a

*passion that is never to end but with my life.*

Don Pedro.

After *Albiond* had read this Ticket, he return'd it back to the fair Slave, who after this manner continued his story.

I know not what effect this Letter might have wrought in another, but as for me I must confess that being already a little prepossess'd in *Don Pedro's* favor, I found my self strangely moov'd with it. Me-thought there was so much discretion and respect in the manner of his adress, and so much passion in his Letter, that I conceiv'd I ought at least to have a very tender esteem for his merit only, and that I could not deny the sentiments of a very kind friendship at least to so great and so respective a passion. What cannot a Lover persuade when he is acceptable to the person he pretends to? How easily does a heart encline to love, when ones reason is once di'ordered? and with how great facility do we find out fair pretences

tences to deceive our selves when we once entertain a passion, and give our selves leave to love? Nevertheless I will not here confess to you all my weakneses, nor give you an account of all the follies I was guilty of. I shall content my self therefore with only telling you, that this Ticket mollified all the indignation I had this night conceiv'd at the *Marquis's* extravagancies and huffing carriage, and that I could not permit any animosity in my Soul to co-habit with the joy and tenderness this little Love letter had pos-  
sessed me withal. So that I did not only excuse the *Marquis*, but moreover entirely forgave him; and all this out of the sole reason I had to be satisfied with my self, after being certainly assured of *Don Pedro's* affection. I past over the whole night, caressing in my mind this new and dear lover. I made him speak after my own fancy, and say a thousand little things that the best could please me, which was in effect my self to labour to make him absolute Master of a heart in which he thought he had as yet made no impression. Yet how fixt soever I was upon this pleasing

object, to tell you the truth, the *Idea* of the *Marquis* did often confound the delight I took in it, with the apprehension I had of appearing an ungrateful person. He had perform'd so great a service for me, and the obligation I had to him for my life oblig'd me to have some compassion on him. I had no mind to be accus'd of a vice, which of all others my heart had ever the most abhorr'd: and yet I knew not how to acquit my self towards him as I ought. I could not of my self afford him any thing more than the bare sentiments of a real esteem, with which I was very sure he would never be satisfied, if there should not be something more in the case, and more I had not left to dispose of, and in the mean time the credit he had with my Father, favour'd him on the other side. I knew very well that he would ever be better receiv'd than *Don Pedro*, because he was heir to a better fortune than he, though he was not of a more illustrious Family and that his offer would sooner be accepted than that of the other, should he demand me in Marriage. All these reflections did not a little perplex me,

I saw how many difficulties were in the way of my inclination, and that I could never hope to be *Don Pedro's* Wife, so long as the *Marquis* should pretend to me. I therefore resolv'd with my self to make an attempt upon his Spirit by freely confessing to him part of the inclination I had for his Rival, and to try by the principles of generosity to reduce him to reason, to obtain from him, that he would not make use of my fathers authority and good disposition towards him to obtain the conquest of a heart, of which another had already the possession. But in truth he was too far gon in Love for me to hope for any compliance from him in so delicate a point as that, and to expect he should desist from loving me, out of love to my self. He was wounded to the Soul with the severity I had practis'd upon him, and the affront he had receiv'd in the presence of an insupportable and triumphant Rival, had put him quite besides himself. Madness, if fury be madness, seiz'd upon him that very night, and to such a degree, that he could not sleep one wink, and would a thousand times have plun-

ged his Steeletto into his own bosom, had not he had a design to have stab'd it into that of his Rival. It was enough he had whisper'd to him in his ear, that it should cost him his life, and he longed for nothing so much as the break of day to determine the controversy betwixt them; a resolution that made him pass over the night with some kind of pleasure, if a man can be capable of pleasure in such a condition as he was in.

My Brother, who lay in the next Chamber to him, hearing part of the noise he made in rising, and walking up and down all night, and the complaints he sometimes utter'd, knew not what to think of it, and would therefore himself go see what the matter was, and whether or no he might not perhaps be ill. The *Marquis* seeing him come into the room was extreemly troubled, that the effects of his ill humor had disturbed my Brother, and askt his pardon, telling him, that in truth, he found himself not very well, but that it would signify nothing, if he could but get a little rest. Upon which my Brother left him, giving charge to the Servants  
to

to make no noise on that side of the House, but that they should let him sleep all the morning. If melancholly and trouble of mind do sometimes keep one from sleeping; they do yet sometimes also oppress one with sleep, especially when the mind is agitated to such a degree as is insupportable in it self; which was the reason that this sorrowful Lover, began to sleep at the very time that he had determined to rise, and my Brother who did believe him to be there really sick, went to *Don Pedro* to acquaint him with it, and to deferr their departure till the next day. The morning was very fair, and not knowing how to pass away the time they agreed to go Hawk at Partridge, and to come home to dinner, and so they accordingly did.

In the anxiety of mind wherein the *Marquis* at that time was, his sleep it is to be suppos'd could not be very long, so that he awak'd very presently after with a suddain start, but a little too late for his design; for his people told him, that my Brother and *Don Pedro* were gone out a Hawking. It is not to be imagined how infinitely he  
was

was troubled at this disappointment; he hated himself for yielding to sleep at such a time as this, and on the instant fell upon a hundred resolutions, which all ended at last in this, that he would take this opportunity to see, and to talk with me, whilst there was no Body in the House, to interrupt him. He would take hold of this occasion to make me declare the choice I intended to make, that he might be certain of my intentions, and be satisfied from my own mouth, if the ardor of his flame had not had the power to move me in his favor. In this resolution he walk'd a great while up and down his Chamber, to meditate after what manner he should break the business to me, and after all, what he was to hope for; wherein his mind was agitated with various thoughts, but amongst them all with very few that administred to him any consolation at all. Every thing oppress'd him, and he durst promise to himself nothing of good, insomuch that he even prepared himself to be angry, and meditated fit reproaches for my ingratitude.

The hour was come that he thought

I might be up, and ready; he therefore ask'd leave to see me and I saw him enter my Chamber with such a trouble in his countenance, as at once begat my pity and my fear. He was totally in disorder, and knew not which way to begin what he had meditated to say unto me; he pull'd off his gloves, and presently put them on again, and all without speaking a word, and with so pleasant a countenance, that in earnest one had need of so great an esteem as I had for him, to forbear laughing in his face. At last seeing I assisted him not in beginning the discourse, he broke out almost trembling after this manner. If (*Madam*) in the sad condition to which I am reduc'd by your disdain, I may yet be permitted to hope to be heard——pray give me leave (said I hastily interrupting him) first to explain my self to you, before I hear what you have to say. I cannot deny you the priviledg you have of speaking to me, but take notice withal, that it would be a little dangerous to you, not to use that liberty as you ought. I know very well that you are nettled to the quick; I perceive also that you think you have  
reason

reason to be so, and in this belief of yours, you may not perhaps have command enough over your passion to forbear such expressions, as might injure, and justly offend me. I am a little delicate in this point, and of such a condition as cannot suffer without doing wrong to my quality, that any one should presume to quarrel me upon any subject whatever, and there is a certain distance to be observ'd to such women as I am, that people sometimes repent they have transgress'd. The attention wherewith I observ'd the *Marquis* to give ear to my discourse, though he durst scarce lift his eyes up towards me, was the occasion that I fram'd my self to use him a little more kindly, than I intended to have done had he carried himself after a less respectful fashion to me at first; which made me proceed to speak to him after this manner. I have not been so little conversant in the World; nor am so ill read in it, not to know that you are a *Cavalier* of very great merit; neither have I a soul so ingrate as not to acknowledge that you have done me a very high and signal service, and at the same

same time to confess that I stand indebted to you for my life ; and if I was a little more Mistress of my self than I am, I know after what manner I should acquit my self of that obligation, and what I should grant to your passion, over and above the esteem, that it is impossible for any one to deny you. But *Marquiss*, it is no more in my own power to dispose of my self, and to deal sincerely and truly with you, the great service you did me came a little too late for you. The same reasons I may justly have to favor you with my inclination, I have also had to favor another, who (as you have done) did also rescue me from the Jaws of death: Yet do I not so far wrong you in my opinion as to think that *Don Pedro* has more merit, or that in particular he deserves better from me than you do ; but he has better fortune, and that which two generous actions, which either of you have perform'd in my behalf, may each of them reasonably challenge from me, his alone did first clearly carry, and I remain in an absolute necessity of being an ingrate to you. I might have conceal'd this from you ; but I will be generous

nerous to the last degree towards a man who has done so much for me, and indeed I should condemn my self for unjust, should I not disabuse you, and not frankly confess unto you, that I have nothing left wherewith to pay the obligation I have to your merit and affection. Yet do not take this unkindly from me, but rather quarrel your own evil fortune, and content your self with the regret I have, that it is not in my power to make you a better return. If you are a man of reason, as I take you to be, you will not ask that of me which it is impossible for me to grant; but on the contrary will make a generous effort to overcome a passion, that some other woman shall better deserve, and better acknowledg than I can do. I saw *Don Pedro* interpose his person betwixt me, and the fury of a chafte and enraged Boar, and expose his own life to save mine. I saw him cover'd over with the blood of a wound given him by you, and which also pierc'd the very bottom of my heart. Lay the blame then upon that unlucky shot of yours that has so much contributed to your misfortune, and

pity

pity me in that having one life only I must owe it to two persons at once, and that hereafter I cannot live without appearing at one and the same time too generous and too ingrate. So then *Madam* (said the *Marquiss* with the countenance of a man condemn'd to die) I have nothing to pretend to. You have done too much for me (answer'd I suddainly) to obtain nothing from me, I confess it, and that I may not pass in your opinion for an ungrateful woman I do promise you——at which word *Don Pedro*, and my Brother\* enter'd my Chamber; and the *Marquiss* who would not for that loose the opportunity of knowing upon the place how far his pretences might go, and what he was to hope for, well *Madam* (said he softly (after I had saluted our *Hawkers*) what do you promise me? Alas said I (with a profound sigh, that I could neither wholly stifle nor in part disguise) \* what can I promise you in the presence of *Don Pedro*? an answer with which the poor *Marquiss* was so suddenly and so deeply strook, that he had not been able to any tollerable degree to have conceal'd the marks of his discontent, had

\* By'r  
Lady in  
very good  
time,

\* I doubt  
appears by  
this an-  
swer.

had not the sight of his Rival rowz'd up his Spirits with the incitements of revenge; and yet there remain'd such a disorder in his countenance, as sufficiently denoted there was something extraordinary laboring in his mind. My Brother was not nevertheless any thing at all surpriz'd to see this alteration in his face, imagining it to be nothing but the effect of an ill nights rest; which made him form his first complement to the enquiring after his health; but in the disorder wherein the *Marquis* was, he only answer'd him by halves, and after that manner went out of the room. He was immediately followed by my Brother, who thinking his last nights distemper had again suddainly seiz'd him, would go offer him his service, and see what he might stand in need of.

By this meanes *Don Pedro* was left with me all alone, and a fit opportunity it was, no body being by, wherein to declare his mind, neither perhaps could he in his whole life ever again expect so fair an occasion; nevertheless as if we had been afraid to deliver to one another what we had both of us so great a mind to say, we both remain'd

main'd confounded and dumb. I confess I should have had more confidence to have spoken to him, had we been at less liberty to do it; I dreaded that liberty, but I was more afraid of my self least I should play the fool in being too open to him, and let him see further into my heart than he ought to do. On the other side he also who might be in suspence after what manner I had received his Letter, did eternally apprehend; every moment to hear a sentence pronounc'd, which he should know but too soon, if it were other than favourable to him. Nevertheless during these strang revolutions in our minds, our eyes by a mutual consent by little and little re-assur'd us, and he saw nothing in mine that was of any dangerous portent. Yet did he not well know how to trust to this favourable appearance, but creating courage out of the force of Love, after he had sometime look'd upon me, I know not (*Madam* said he) what your silence may intend after what I have adventur'd to do, that is after the Letter I presum'd to write to you, and that doubtless you found in your Glove. If

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that

that liberty I made bold to take, carry any thing in it that may displease you, and if the greatest and the most respectful passion that ever man had, deserve your indignation, for Heavens sake let it break upon me. Revenge your self upon a rash and inconsiderate person whom Love has made to forget his duty, and that too unruly an ambition has seduc'd into that offence. It is I do assure you, high time to do it; for if you leave me longer in the miserable suspense wherein I now am, you will find that my death will deprive you of the satisfaction of having your self punisht my insolence. He there made a little stop to see if I would return him any answer; but seeing no signs that I was about to do it, Ah *Madam* (continued he) since you are not pleas'd to speak to me, I see very well, that I have attempted too far, and that I am my self to revenge you of——No, no *Don Pedro* (said I interrupting him) I should not be silent if you had any way displeas'd me, which I had no sooner spoken, but that he threw himself at my feet with tears of joy, transported to such a visible degree, as I do assure  
you

you gave me very great content. My Princess, My Queen, (said he) you have in three or four words made me the happiest person upon Earth. I would by no means suffer him to continue longer in this posture, and it was well I did not, for my Brother came in upon the instant to tell us, that dinner was upon the Table. I therefore gave my hand to *Don Pedro*, who all that day after was so well satisfied with himself, that one might see joy sparkle in his eyes; but the *Marquis* was of a quite contrary humor, and all the time he sat at dinner behav'd himself like one that was really sick. He eat very little, and was so infinitely abated with his passion, that one might see in his face a notable alteration. My Brother did not well know what to think of it, for he observ'd in him a greater melancholy than could naturally accompany an ordinary distemper, and therefore tryed in my eyes to learn if I did not know the true cause of his disease. I, for my part, was more civil to him, than I us'd to be at other times, and I should have yet been more, and have given him more testimonies of favor and friendship had I

not fear'd thereby to have discompos'd *Don Pedro*, so tender we are of offending those we love.

My Brother then made a motion to them to go visit a Lady of his acquaintance hard by, whom he had promis'd to see before he return'd to *Valence*, which *Don Pedro* readily consented to, but the *Marquiss* would by no means hearken to it, excusing himself by reason of his indisposition, and also that he must that very day of necessity return to the City, though the truth of it was, he had no mind longer to continue in the company of a man that he hated to death. My Brother notwithstanding (who would not put off his visit) concluded with *Don Pedro*, and therefore gave order for all the Horses to be saddled, for the *Marquiss* would also take horse to go away at the same time, and with *Don Pedro* went out of the room to make himself ready as he pretended, but whilst my Brother staid a little behind to enquire of me if I knew nothing of the cause of this *Cavaliers* ill humor, one came running into the room to tell him, that he had mounted with *Don Pedro* upon two of the first horses came to hand

hand in the stable, and that they were both gallopt together full speed towards the wood. I then instantly told my Brother, that they were certainly gone to fight, conjuring him to make all the haste he could after, to go and part them. My Brother could hardly be induc'd to believe it, not being able to imagine that for the little quarrel they had had overnight, they would offer to proceed so far, especially in a place which they ought to respect in regard to him. However he immediately went, and in all diligence, but came a little too late for the *Marquis*, whom *Don Pedro* after having run him through the shoulder had already disarm'd. My Brother at his arrival upon the place highly complain'd of their proceeding, telling them with some heat, that they had his friendship in very little consideration, to offer to fight a Duel in a place where he had so great an interest, especially upon a quarrel that in all mens judgments must needs pass for a trifle; for he never dream'd of any other difference betwixt them, but the little dispute they had had overnight about the Glove. *Don Pedro* (to excuse himself)

protested he knew nothing of the quarrel they had fought about, and that the *Marquis* had in a manner compell'd him to it, without having given any reason why; but the *Marquis* declar'd himself much more to my Brother, and so soon as they were together alone, that he could speak in private with him, acquainted him with the reasons that had induc'd him to this extremity; relating to him word for word, all that I had said to him of the advantageous sentiments I had for his Rival. My Brother was for all this by no means satisfi'd with him; but he was yet much more surpriz'd at my behaviour, and the liberty wherewith I had declar'd my self in a choice, which ought not altogether to depend upon my own liking, especially when in favor of a man to whom he saw no likelihood that I should ever be united. He saw a great deal of untoward work throughout the whole adventure: but he thought it necessary in the first place above all things to reconcile the two *Cavaliers*; for he much better than I foresaw the consequence of such an affair, and therefore would by all means take up the quarrel,

quarrel, that the noise of it, which could not any way be to my advantage, might pass no further. I confess, I for my own part did not consider it with the discretion that I ought to have done, and the fear I had been in of the event of the Combat, was wholly converted into an excess of joy, when I saw *Don Pedro* return victorious and unhurt. Love depriv'd me of all the resentment that I ought to have had against him, for having upon so light an occasion expos'd both his own life & mine, and it was not till having a little better consider'd of the business, that I began to find out how much my own had been concern'd in his danger, and then I conceiv'd, that I ought for honor's sake at least, force my self to express a little anger against *Don Pedro*. Nay, I was in hopes by that means to engage him to love me better, and that a little severity upon this occasion would make him more considerate another time in affairs where I was so much concern'd. My Brother was so ill satisfied with me, that of all that day he would never once come near me, and moreover wholly turn'd my Aunt against me, by repeating to her what the

*Marquiss* had told him. It was no hard matter for me to perceive all this, by the cold carriage and angry countenance she put on, and consequently I doubted not but that the *Marquiss* had said my errand; but it was no longer time for me to dissemble my inclination and Love had too strongly fortified my mind to disavow a thing I was resolute to persist in to the last hour of my life. I fear'd nothing, and methought was strong enough, if my beloved Conqueror was true to me, bravely to encounter all the Tempests that I saw were gathering together against me. With the thoughts of him I so fortified my self as to be able to conquer all difficulties, and the severity of a Father was not of so terrible consequence but my passion I thought would be able to overcome it. But all this while *Don Pedro* saw me not, for my Brother after having reconcil'd the two Rivals, had conjur'd them both to desist from any further pursuit, if they were not resolv'd totally to break with him; adding withal, that he had already reason sufficient to be dissatisfied with their proceeding, and that to prosecute it further,

further, would be in either of them openly to declare themselves an enemy to him. To this the two *Cavaliers* returned no answer, perhaps as well to avoid the making him a promise, that neither of them had any intention to keep, as also because they durst not deny him a thing, which they conceiv'd was not handsomly to be denyed to the Brother of their Mistress, and a man who was their own intimate friend. My Brother nevertheless took this silence of theirs for consent, and thereupon rested himself assur'd of their future discretion in that particular. In the mean time I had order not to stir out of my apartment till they were gone, so that although they yet staid three dayes longer in the house by reason of the *Marquis's* wound; I remained all the while a prisoner to my Chamber, without being seen by any of them. But the Pen is a great relief in these occasions, tis that we make to speak when the use of the Tongue is denied us, and we sometimes express our selves more willingly, and with much more freedom by writing, than perhaps we could do by word of mouth. The first Letter that I writ to *Don Pedro* was this,

*Donna*

*Donna Habella's Ticket to Don Pedro.*

**I** Know not whether or no I can be so angry with you as I ought to be, but this I know, that I have sufficient reason to be so. You have not had the Consideration for me you should have had in the Duel you have fought, which cannot but redound very much to my prejudice, wherein although my particular interest had not the power to oblige you to a greater moderation, you ought however to have taken notice, that in that action you put your self into great hazard of losing what you have given to me, and that consequently is no more at your own dispose; and to have consider'd withal, that any disaster that had befalln you, would have cost me my life, whereby the Marquis would have had the benefit of depriving you of what he is never likely to obtain for himself. Provide your self therefore of some excuses to appease me; for I have no mind to be angry with you long, and desire to see you appear before the Tribunal of my heart as innocent, as my reason assures me you are guilty. Farewell.

I easily enough found means to convey this paper to his hands by one of his own Servants, who two hours after brought me another from him. This is it (says she) in saying which she delivered a paper to *Albiron* wherein was writ as follows.

To the adorable *Donna Isabella*,  
*Don Pedro*.

HAD not your Brothers severity depriv'd me of the liberty of kissing your hands, I had ere this (excellent fair one) given you testimonies of my submission, and had cast myself at your feet there to dye; or to obtain pardon for an offence that I was compell'd to commit. Heaven is my witness, that had it been possible for me to have avoided it, I had never given you any reason to complain of me; but my reputation, my glory, and my repose all of them commanded me to do what I did, and I had been for ever unworthy your esteem had I been a man to have refused a thing supported by so many and so powerful Arguments. The Marquiss gave me no leisure well to consider of what I did, but prest me after such a manner, that had there

there been nothing of honor in the case, I had neither time to think of it, nor liberty to refuse it. After which declaration, I leave it to you (adorable Isabella) to judge of my conduct as you shall think fit; assuring myself that you will be much less severe than your Brother, who has condemned me never to see you more. If it shall not be permitted me to appeal before those fair eyes of yours, and to hope for more mercy from thence, you will soon hear news of my death, for it will not be possible for me to live without some relief from those charming Assassins.

I read this letter with a satisfaction above what I can possibly express, or that perhaps is possibly to be imagin'd. I now thought I had no more reason to be angry with him, and in that opinion delay'd not to write to him after this manner.

Donna Isabella to Don Pedro.

**W**Hat authority soever my Brother may have over me, he has nevertheless no right to prescribe me so hard a condition. The bestowing of my heart is wholly at my own choice, and he has only  
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*the liberty to dispose of himself. Nay, if my Father shall command me contrary to my own liking, I shall not obey him. I know very well what I owe to my self before any other person whatever upon Earth. Let us therefore (Don Pedro) only prepare our selves to overcome all their impediments, and we shall bring all things to the desired issue, when we shall be united together, and that you will love,*

*Your Isabella.*

This Ticket was as safe delivered as the other, and he sent me in answer to it this that I will now shew you. Whereupon she took another paper out of her Casket, which she read to him after this manner.

*To Sennora Donna Isabella, Don Pedro.*

**P***rovided you will be on my side. I fear nothing; and all I fear, (and that indeed I tremble to think of,) is, that your friends will perhaps persecute you in design to turn me out of your heart. To morrow we shall separate, and I know not when I shall be so happy as to see you again. This*  
*sole*

sole thought kills me, and if you do not comfort me with some hope as to that particular, I dare not undertake to you, to keep a heart alive that is only yours. Judge then, I beseech you, by the passion I have for you to what torments I am going to be abandoned in this cruel absence, and whether it were not much more easy for me to dye. Oh, my beautiful Princess, what joys and what torments shall I feel at once, in the assurance of your esteem, and in the privation of the light of your fair eyes. Therefore for Heavens sake, if you have any care of my life, advise me what to do to undergo so great a mishap, and let not so passionate a Lover end his dayes by so cruel a death.

Every Sillable that *Don Pedro* writ to me, fill'd my heart with Love, and there was nothing to be said that could content me, that I did not pick out of his Letters, and interpret to my own liking and his advantage. I was ravish'd to see him write after so passionate a manner, and it is true that the least syllable is of infinite consequence from a person that one loves; I therefore writ him another Letter much to this purpose.

*Donna*

## Donna Isabella to Don Pedro.

**T**IS not your death that I desire of you; Live Don Pedro, and live with the design to please me. My life is too fast knit to yours, for you to perish without drawing my ruine after you, and you can attempt nothing upon yourself, but what you must begin in me. No, no you are to meditate better resolutions, and to think of making us both more happy than some desire we should be. If you go away to morrow, it will not be long before I follow you; for my Father will never suffer me after what has past to stay any longer here; but in case he should otherwise resolve and that on Munday I return not to Valence, come hither privately to see me, I will be about five of the clock in the Evening in the Wood whither I will pretend to take a walk according to my custom, and you will find me about the place where the Boar was kill'd.

Don Pedro then with the Marquis, departed for Valence, whither my Brother also bore them Company, and where all the Town was presently full  
of

of this affair ; for these two *Cavaliers* were too considerable there, for this Duel to be kept a secret ; and the *Marquis* who was not fully satisfied with *Don Pedro* (as Lovers never are with their Rivals, unless they make them give way) had no great mind to have it conceal'd. My Father was furiously incens'd at me, and whatever my Brother could say in my behalf to appease him, would needs send for me home the same day, and accordingly dispatch'd away servants to that purpose. But my Aunt who was better acquainted with her Brothers prompt and passionate humor, than any other, not willing to suffer me to go home so soon, and just in the heat, nor alone ; would kindly accompany me ; and therefore acquainting my Father with her determination, demanded three or four dayes time, to settle the affairs of her Family during her absence.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* was again sollicit'd, both by my Fathers friends and his own, not to think any more of me, unless he intended to pull mighty and dangerous inconveniences upon himself : but to what use serves  
inter-

interdictions and perswasions, with a Spirit wholly possess'd with love, that fears no other death, nor other torments, but what his passion alone can make him suffer. The Munday I had mentioned in my letter to *Don Pedro*, was now come, and he heard no news of my return, he therefore mounted alone on horseback, as if he went abroad to take the Ayr, and after having fetcht a great compass, that no one might know the way he design'd to take, slipping at last into the true Road, he endeavour'd by hard riding to recover the time these little, but necessary delays, had made him to loose. This precaution of his however serv'd him to very little use, or rather none at all; it was too light to pass in so new an affair; he had spies every where set upon him to watch his motions, who so soon as ever they saw him on horseback immediately went, and gave notice to my Brother.

It is not to be questioned whether or no he did not presently guess whither he went, for he did not so much as doubt it; wherefore taking along with him three or four of his servants well moun-

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ted,

ted, and well arm'd, he follow'd him so close, and made so good haste, that he arriv'd at my Aunts about the time that *Don Pedro* and I met at the appointed Rendezvous. He there immediately fell to enquiring where I was, and being told that I was walkt out towards the wood, he was nettled to the quick, therefore came upon the spur towards the place where we were, and coming found us set both together under the shade of certain great Trees that were proper for that purpose. I blusht to see him, and was so confounded that I had not a word to say, we had seen him come at a pretty distance but had no means to avoid him, nor to hide our selves without danger of being discover'd; which would have made it so much the worse, neither would I have done it if I could, that I might not give him to suspect there was any thing of criminal in a meeting, where there was nothing but honorable and virtuous Love. My Brother was as full of fury to find us thus together, as we of confusion, and his passion was such as hindred him from saying any thing to us in his first heat; but he exprest himself

self much better in the fire that darted from his eyes. He immediately alighted, and looking upon me with a countenance full of fury and disdain, he took *Don Pedro* aside, and there discharg'd his passion upon him, telling him that were it not for fear the world should think that he took the unhandsome advantage of him of having three or four men in his Company, he would upon the instant have taught him better to have kept his word; but that he would do it at his return to *Valence*, and therefore bad him prepare himself. *Don Pedro* made answer that he had made him no promise at all, that his suit was honorable and fair, and that therefore if he should be too much provok'd, it should appear, that he was ready to answer any man that should interpose betwixt him, and his pretence. An answer at which my Brother was so nettled, that they had certainly saln foul, had I not stept in betwixt them, and entreated *Don Pedro* to retire, who immediately obeyed me leaving me with my Brother who more incens'd than ever, discharg'd himself in most extravagant, and bitter language upon me.

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And now all the whole house was bandied against me after this adventure, and my Aunt had much ado to vouchsafe me so much as a look, who thereupon made ready to go away in the morning. and my Brother would be gone the same night, though it was very late to acquaint my Father with the business. The night was very light and clear, and he did not think he had any occasion to fear, having no other quarrel upon his hands, but that with *Don Pedro*, who likewise he believed to be too brave a Gentleman to attack him by night. In the mean time he was no sooner got into the middle of a wood, through which his way lay betwixt my Aunts house and the City, but that he saw himself suddenly beset and assaulted by four *Cavaliers*. He had by misfortune taken only one Servant back with him, having left the rest behind to attend upon us; however he did not loose his courage for this advantage, but betaking himself to his sword and pistol he upon this occasion perform'd actions, much more worthy of the days light than the nights obscurity. He made no question but that this *Ambuscado*

*cado* was laid for him by *Don Pedro's* treachery, which made him calling upon his name, to dignifie him with the Titles of Traitor, Coward and Villain, to see if that provocation would make him discover himself amongst the Crew. On the other side his enemies, who per adventure expected a generous defence, being much better arm'd than he, prest him on all sides, and so briskly, that he saw his man, who for his fidelity and valour deserv'd a better fate, fall dead at his feet. This blow instead of astonishing enflam'd him the more, so that furious as a young Lion he flew upon the first in his way, and run his sword quite through his body, of which wound he fell down dead to the earth; yet was the fight unequal enough to make him with good reason despair of the victory, he had still three men, strong and well arm'd to fight withal, a disadvantage that would at least have startled another man, and the blood which ran from five or six wounds he had already received, could not but make him sensible, that his forces could not long hold out; and he indeed perceiv'd them every moment to grow

less and less, when a *Cavalier* arriv'd in the most opportune season that could possible be to take his part. Ah cowardly Traitors (said he in rushing in amongst the Villains) is it after this base manner that a single man is to be assaulted with such odds? cease Rascalls, cease further to attacque him, or it shall cost you your lives. This seasonable relief so unexpected by my Brother put new vigor into him, and restor'd the strength he had before with his blood almost wholly lost, so that he put himself into a posture bravely to second his generous defender. He was at that time too little himself to know this strangers voice; but he very well observ'd by what he saw him do, that he was no ordinary person. They had soon dispatched two of the Traitors, and the third who saw it now so dangerous a game, would seek that safety by flight, that he absolutely despair'd of by keeping his ground: but our new come *Cavalier* ceas'd not to pursue him into the thickest part of the wood, and had certainly overtaken him, had his horse that was wounded been able to have made good so long a course, but his horse

horse failing, he was forc'd to return back to my Brother, and came to him just as he was swooning away with the faintness occasioned by the bleeding of his wounds.

Never was man in so great a perplexity as was this *Cavalier* to see himself in a solitary place in the night, far from any manner of help, and alone with a friend that he most dearly lov'd dying in his arms: so that he knew not well what to do, but yet had a care of the main concern, that is, that with his scarf he bound up that of my Brothers wounds, which as it bled most threaten'd the most danger; after which having set him upon one of the strongest Horses he could choose amongst all those that were left upon the place, he himself mounted up behind him, and after that manner brought him into the City.

It is not to be imagin'd what a strang astonishment my Brother was in, after he had a little recover'd his Spirits, and that the remedies the Chirurgions had applied unto him had brought him perfectly to himself, to find that he was in *Don Pedro's* House, and that he whom

he had suspected for the Author of the Treachery, was the man to whom he stood oblig'd for his life. An action with which he was so ravish'd, and that so absolutely won his heart, that he could not forbear protesting to him upon the instant, he was too sensibly touch'd with his generosity, any more to have any design to oppose his desires: that therefore he was only to try to conquer his Fathers aversion, and that as for him he would favor his pretences, like a true and intimate friend. *Don Pedro* you may be sure was not wanting in his answer to so obliging a protestation, but replied after so affectionate a manner as engag'd my Brother more than ever to honor and love him. In the mean time they made it their business to find out the Author of this Assassinate, and in truth it was no hard matter to do by the three men that my Brother and *Don Pedro* had kill'd, two of which were the *Marquis's* own servants and the very horse upon which *Don Pedro* had carried my Brother, was known to be his best Courser. It was known a few dayes after, that it was not my Brother the *Marquis* had aim'd at in this

this Treachery, that the Assassinate<sup>s</sup> had been mistaken, and that the Ambush had been laid for no other but *Don Pedro* only; but for all that, the mistake did not hinder my Father, from pressing on the affair with the greatest heat and vehemency, and so far it was prosecuted, that the *Marquis* was necessitated to leave the City and Kingdom, to go seek his safety in another.

It now seem'd that *Don Pedro's* Love ought in reason the better to succeed, by the ill posture his Rivals affairs were in, and that my Brothers friendship after so recent an obligation, should infallibly make him happy in his desires; but my Fathers obstinacy was invincible and frustrated all our hopes. My Brother had like to have fallen into his disgrace for having one day spoken to him in favor of my Love, whereat he was so offended as to forbid him upon the instant, for having any friendship or correspondency with him upon pain of his mortal displeasure, which you must know chiefly proceeded from an old grudge, and a certain animosity he had ever nourish'd against *Don Pedro's* whole Family, ever since a preference  
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his father had obtain'd at Court in a Government which mine also at the same time pretended to. After this interdiction my Brother was oblig'd to live after a less friendly manner with him, so as never to frequent, or be seen in his company unless he accidentally met him. The obstacles to our happiness daily increas'd, and were so many, that I knew not which way to overcome them, having no more the same liberty in the Town that I had before in the Country; and *Don Pedro* who was yet more sensible of the inconvenience than I, took it so grievously to heart, that it very often put him into despair. He could not hope that my Fathers humor should ever come about to be favourable to him, being an obstinacy not to be parallell'd, or that was ever heard of; so that even his own most intimate friends, he knew, could no better have prevail'd upon him. He was therefore to try his fortune, and to resign up that into her hands which it was vain to entrust with any other, and that he knew not how to work by any contrivance of his own. Yet knew he not which way to go about his business, and the prison

prison to which I was reduc'd was so close, and so well guarded, that it was hardly possible to convey so much as a Letter to me, without falling into my Fathers hands. My own kinred and relations were not permitted to see me but by his especial leave, and with some other of his own appointment, and even this favor was granted to none, but those of my nearer Kindred. In all these difficulties what should this unfortunate young man do? He took a resolution to go visit a Kinswoman of mine, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who sometimes came to see me, to try if by laying open to her the most secret sentiments of his heart and the violence of his passion, he could gain her over to his party. He thought that if he could once move her with a little compassion, she would not deny him her assistance, and that at least he should find some consolation in discoursing with her of me. All that he could obtain from her at this first visit was, that she would be ready to serve him; but that then he must take heed he did not put her upon any thing that was inconsistent with the honor of a Maid,

Maid, a point wherein she was exceeding tender, and that especially he must excuse her from carrying any Letters, Tickets, or any other thing whatever in writing: that she would speak to his Mistress in his behalf; but that she was very sorry to see him engage himself in an affair, wherein so many and so invincible difficulties, besides those at present, wereto be foreseen. Whereupon she fell to saying a great many fine things, and that were very rational upon that subject, to divert him from further engaging himself in so dangerous affection; but it was all in vain, and all the dangers she represented to him, did not in the least stagger his resolution from prosecuting his design. He already lov'd too much to be capable of any Counsel against it; and it was impossible for him to wrastle with a passion, by which he was already overcome.

This dear Cousin of mine came the same day to see me, and needed not many preambles to make me fall upon the discourse of *Don Pedro*; for as I had a very great confidence in her, I had already committed the greatest part of my bosome to her trust. She found me  
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in an excessive melancholy, which a little to divert, and to put me into a better humor, she acquainted me at the very first with the visit she had receiv'd. I embrac'd her five or six times for joy, and being she had a very great kindness for me, soon won her over to my side. Thus did she every day comfort me, and console *Don Pedro* in carrying some message or another betwixt us; but nevertheless this satisfaction was imperfect and poor if it proceeded no further. I never discover'd to her the one half of what I had a mind to tell her and I had yet discretion enough to conceal part of the flame by which I was devour'd. At last, that she one day saw sorrow painted in my eyes, and death in my countenance, she demanded of me what I ail'd? whereupon laying my heart a little more open to her than I had formerly done, I by degrees wrought upon her to carry me a Letter to *Don Pedro*, which she having engaged to do, I took Pen, Inck and Paper, and write after this manner.

Donna

## Donna Isabella to Don Pedro.

**I** Have at last prevail'd with my Cousin to deliver you this Letter, a favor that she has granted in your consideration as well as mine, and that you are to manage with your best discretion; she will not refuse to bring another from you, and therefore loose not the opportunity, for above all things in this world I long to be satisfied under your own hand that you still continue constant and faithful to me. I do here frankly declare unto you, that it will be no hard matter for me to dye, but it would be utterly impossible for me to live without your love. Love me then (my dearest) and remember that the indignation of a Father incens'd to the degree that mine is, is nothing so insupportable as the absence of him I love above my life, Farewell.

This beautiful young Cousin of mine was engaged too far in our confidence to recede, and her severe humor with the aversion she had for Love intrigues, grew pliant by degrees by conversing with so much flame; and although *Don Pedro* with all his wit had not had the power

power to perswade her into that complacency, my sufferings nevertheless had awak'd her pity; and indeed the condition to which I was reduc'd would have touch'd a soul of marble with compassion. She restor'd my dear Lover from death to life in delivering my letter to him, there was nothing of grateful and obliging he did not say to thank her, and he had in his transport of joy thrown himself at her feet to embrace and kiss them (had she not hindred him from doing it) for the favor. He was quite another man after he had read it, and put on another countenance, his looks before overcast with melancholy clear'd up, and joy sparkled in his eyes. Which my Cousin seeing, and that he was so thankful for so small a service, she could not forbear making him a voluntary offer to carry back his answer, which he also sent me, and which I will now shew you; This is it,

To

To my Princess Sennora Donna  
Isabella, Don Pedro.

**I** Would here present you with an image  
of my affliction, did I not fear in so  
doing to augment yours: but (my dearest  
Princess) what you already suffer is more  
than sufficient, without adding to them  
the torments of a heart, that dies for  
your love. You ask me if this heart still  
faithfully loves you. Ah! know that it is  
only you that obliges me to live, and that  
there will be no more for it to do in this  
life when it ever ceases to love you. For-  
tune has found a way to stretch my pati-  
ence to the utmost, in separating me from  
your sight; but if you will (provided the  
courage I have observ'd in you fail you  
not) we shall overcome Fortune. The Tor-  
ments we are made to suffer are too intol-  
erable, and we must jointly endeavour  
to free our selves from them; be you there-  
fore pleas'd to consider of the means only,  
and rest assured in the courage of your  
faithful Lover, that he will attempt all  
things to procure you the liberty to make  
him happy.

My Kinswoman brought me this letter two dayes after, which I rewarded with a thousand caresses and kisses, that I gave unto her, with which she was also content, promising me the same service, so oft as I would command it from her; which generosiry of hers I made very good use of, as also did *Don Pedro*, with whom for about a month I continued this private correspondency, and answer'd that she brought me after this manner.

*Donna Isabella* to her dear *Don Pedro*.

SO long as you shall continue to love me at the rate you say you do, I shall have resolution enough to endure all the torments mankind can make me to suffer, and there cannot be an affliction of force to pierce so far into my heart, as there to disturb the joy I have to see my self so well establish'd in yours. Doubt not then of my courage, for you have too well perswaded me of the greatness of your passion, not to have enough to follow you over the world. The means indeed appear unto me very full of difficulty; but love, especially when

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*it is in despair is ingenuous enough, and makes us try all wayes, and attempt even impossibilities. Farewell, I shall think of something or other that perhaps may succeed.*

I cannot but confess to you *Albiroind* that my passion proceeded a little too far in making me resolve to do a thing so contrary to my Fathers command, and my own duty; but alas! the Law of Love is the strongest Tye, and takes place of all other obligations; it is born, and grows up with us, it neither learns, nor is to be taught: Nature alone reads to us her Lectures, and imprints them in us with her own hand. Where this Law commands, the powers of the earth can signify nothing, since even Heaven it self obeyes it. Methought every thing was lawful for me to do, in a captivity so strange, and so unjust; at least my disordered Reason made me to believe so, for to tell you the truth, one is not alwaies willing to produce the best arguments, and such as they ought to do against a design with which we are pleased, and if we reproach our selves with it as a crime to be in Love; the weakest

Arguments

Arguments we can pick out for such a purpose, we are willing to think is all that can be said.

In the mean time what way soever I could contrive for the execution of our design, I found them all not only very difficult, but almost impossible to succeed; and very well foresaw that if my dear Cousin did not assist me in this extremity; my hope would utterly forsake me, and I must infallibly be a victim to my Fathers cruelty, and my own life. I then after having laid open to her the excess of my passion, with a torrent of tears, and in the best terms I could express, propos'd the business to her; but I was not so happy as to perceive, that I did persuade her to it. She would by no means be drawn to have a hand in an affair, that she foresaw must needs be a blemish to her honor, and trouble her repose; so that all she would be induc'd to do, was through the compassion she had for my sad condition, to mix with me some of her tears, and try to comfort me. They already began to talk of an accommodation with the *Marquis*, and of re-integrating the friendship of our two Fa-

milies by a marriage betwixt him and me. To which end several friends on both sides began to treat, and every person, and every thing seem'd to be conspir'd to the ruine of our Loves. So that I saw nothing but death for my last refuge, which also I would rather be married to, than to the *Marquis*; or than I would do that wrong to my beloved *Don Pedro*, without whom I could neither live happily, nor live at all. This dear Lover of mine heard all this news; he trembled at the good success of his Rival, and already saw himself in his imagination depriv'd of a Treasure for which he would have expos'd a thousand lives, in which despair he writ to me these words.

The unfortunate *Don Pedro* to his  
Princess *L.S.D.I.*

**T**Here is of late a certain rumor spread abroad concerning you and the *Marquis* that pierces my heart, and which, if it be true, will bring me to my Grave. I dare not search into the truth of it for fear I should find it so: but I know very well, that I was only born to be miserable,

nable, and that my Destiny did not render me worthy to burn for the fairest eyes in the world, but with design to make me see them possess'd by another. Alas! since it is my fate, that I must only love to perish by my flame, why may I not at least have the honor to dye at your feet (my dearest Princess) and there render up a Soul that is wholly yours. Ah what a joy would it yet be to me, that dying you might receive my last sighs, and to hear you say, Dye Don Pedro, dye my dear, and since I cannot be thine—— for Heavens sake do you make out the rest, for in the abundance of tears that fall from my heart, I am able to write no more.

So soon as I had read this letter I threw my self upon my bed, there to dissolve into tears, in which posture I continued all that day; and I had so much the more reason to be so afflicted, because that that very Evening my Brother and the *Marquis* were to be brought together to be made friends. The *Vice-roy* was the person their friends on both sides had applied themselves unto to do this business, who being my Fathers intimate friend, was willing e-

nough to undertake it, and in order thereunto, had invited both parties to supper, then and there to make the reconciliation. This it was that depriv'd me of all manner of hope, forasmuch as upon this reconciliation I certainly knew a marriage would suddainly follow; but I was resolv'd to beg of my Father in the last necessity, either to put me to death, or to give me leave to go end my days in a Convent.

With this determinate resolution my heart took a little truce, for there is no more to do in the last extremis but positively to resolve upon something, to give ones heart a little ease. In this sad tranquillity I was, wherein people usually are when they despair of all manner of relief; when about ten or eleven of the Clock at night, I saw *Don Pedro* enter my chamber, who at his coming in cried out, *Madam*, to see you I am come to brave my death, too happy if I may receive it after this good fortune; for in the affliction I have liv'd ever since I was blest with your sight; nothing can be more welcome, and I shall die content if the blow come, after I have been so happy as to kiss your feet

feet. Now you must know that *Don Pedro* having learnt that there were but two men left in the house (one whereof was plac'd over me in the nature of a Keeper, and the other had the charge of the Gate committed to him, whilst my Father and Brother were at the *Vice-Roy's* at Supper) had so well ordered his business, that having by the dexterity of some of his servants (who had corrupted the Porter) made himself master of the Gate, and kill'd the other whom they found asleep, he came up to my Chamber without any other opposition, than that of some women, whom the very fear of death withheld from crying out to give any Alarm.

If ever any person was surpriz'd, it was I, when I saw *Don Pedro*: he seem'd methought an apparition, I scarce knew how to believe my own eyes, and so many different motions at once oppress'd me betwixt the joy of seeing him, and the fear lest some mischief should befall him, that I knew not what to say. To what shall I attribute this silence (*Madam* said he) is it that you condemn me to dye, and that my passion is not

powerful enough to move your pity? Pronounce my sentence; if my life seem any thing considerable to you, save it in escaping your self out of the hands of my Rival. If you love me let me deliver you out of this captivity; or if you will that I die by a cruel denial, I am ready to satisfy and obey you. No, no, *Don Pedro* (answered I all confus'd,) I am not insensible of what your heart suffers for me, but do not you forget, that it is with a man of honor I entrust my self, and that it would be the greatest unworthiness in you to abuse the credulity of a heart that loves you, and gives it self wholly up to you. It would be the greatest of all infamous treacheries (cried *Don Pedro*) could I live for any other but you, and could I be capable of the least infidelity to a woman who has oblig'd me at the rate you have done. I therefore swear to you by your self, by your own fair eyes by which I am so charm'd, and which I so much adore, that my faith is and shall ever be yours and only yours; after which words I gave him my hand, and he presently conducted me down stairs out of the House, and out of the Gate  
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of the City, where we found a Coach ready to carry us to the Port which is no more than half a league only from the Town, and where there lay a little Frigate that *Don Pedro* had hir'd for the purpose, and that only staid our coming to hoist sayl, and to put out to Sea. I shall not here tell how transported with joy *Don Pedro* was when he saw himself at a pretty distance from the shoar, and that the interposition of the Sea secured him from the pursuit of his enemies, neither could he himself sufficiently express it by words, though he said to me all the fine things that a tender and violent Love could dictate to a man who had a great deal of wit, and a great deal of passion. He assur'd me a thousand times over and over again, that his flame should be eternal; but the tears that fell from his eyes, and with which he bath'd one of my hands, which he held close to his mouth, gave me a much better assurance.

I am now in a humor good enough to tell you what delight our Souls were rapt withal in these first moments of our liberty, and how overjoy'd I was at a happiness I so little expected; but I fear the  
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the *Sultaneſs* will preſently return, and therefore muſt finiſh the reſt of this unhappy ſtory without inſiſting upon particulars that now only ſerve to encrease my miſery, by the remembrance of thoſe paſt and vaniſht delights. You here ſee how Love feeds upon tears, and is never ſatiſfied; and you ſhall alſo ſee how he overwhelms with miſery at the ſame moments, that he ſeems to ſatiate with joy. The weather had been the moſt favourable in the world for four or five dayes, and we were out of fear becauſe out of the reach of my Father's anger, and we had not above forty Leagues to ſayl to the Iſle of *Sardinia* to which place we deſign'd to go, by reaſon that the *Vice-Roy* thereof was *Don Pedro's* Uncle: but when fortune has once deſign'd a man for unhappineſs, every thing is averſe to him, every thing turns againſt him, and the Sea upon which all the Elements are to be fear'd, is the Theater where this inconstant Goddeſs plays the moſt and the beſt of her Game. One is never there aſſur'd of any thing, at the ſame time we deſire, we hope, and are afraid. The Earth, the Ayre, the Winds, and the Element

ment of fire, even in the midst of the waves, are all of them mortal enemies; but men are more to be avoided than all these. We were now in hope in one dayes sayl to discover the Isle of *Sardinia*, when one of the Sea men came to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that they had discover'd from the Coasts of *Barbary*, from which we were not very far, a Galley that made towards us, and that therefore we must resolve by force of Oares to recover the Isle of *Corfica*, if we would avoid being taken, for there was no doubt to be made, but that they were Pirates.

This news put me into a much greater fear than it did my Lover, who was not a man accustomed to tremble at any Alarm, and who thought himself rais'd to too great a degree of fortune having me in his possession, to suspect so great and so suddain a fall. He came then upon the deck to see what course this Galley steer'd, and saw that in truth she came upon us with sayls and oars a-main, and that therefore there was no more time to loose. He then made them turn head towards the Island of *Corfica*, to which place we had the wind to the South-

Southward, the most favourable that could be to our design: but the Gallies had the same advantage, and it stood rather more right for them than us, so that in case it should stiffen never so little upon them, we could hope for no other but to have them in three or four hours aboard us.

After then that he had given all the orders necessary to fly, or to fight in case it could not otherwise be avoyded, he came to find me in the Masters Cabin where I was, and where in truth the one half of my courage had forsaken me. He dissembled the best he could the fear that began to seize upon him, not of being taken, or of loosing his life, but of loosing me; yet could he not so well disguise his apprehension but that I quickly discover'd it in the little disorder I saw him in, and the trouble I perceiv'd in his countenance did but too well enform me of what he had in his heart. I would therefore be the first to comfort him, should our fatal design reduce us to the extremity of all misfortunes, and creating courage out of my love to make some shew of resolution, *Don Pedro* (said I)

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it is no longer time to conceal any thing from me, I see very well that fortune will not yet cease to prosecute us, and that the danger wherein we are of being taken by this Galley allows us but a little time to manage. Let us therefore make the best use of it ; 'tis enough this is no Galley of *Spain* ; the *Turks* will have more compassion of us, than my Father would have, and I shall be much better pleased to fall into their hands, than I should have been to have seen my self in the arms of the *Marquis* : How hard soever my servitude may be amongst these *Barbarians*, Love has already prepar'd me with too long a habit of misfortune to apprehend it. The miseries of slavery will be supported with pleasure, so long as I can preserve to you the faith that I have promised to you, and that I again swear to you by all that is Holy in Heaven — at which the tears gush into two Torrents out of my eyes, and made an end of telling him that, which they stop'd my mouth from expressing. *Don Pedro* upon whose heart these words of mine had wrought the effect that you may imagine they must needs do upon

a heart tender and passionate to the degree that his was, remain'd immoveable as a Rock, and beheld me weeping in the posture of a man that was about to expire, and who had lost all the sense and faculties of life. Poor *Don Pedro*! what a sad condition was he in! he had not the power to answer me one word, so that he only held my hand close to his breast, endeavouring by that action to make me understand that his grief took away his tongue, and that it was so great he was not able to express it. These motions are too violent to continue long, and he must of necessity give them more liberty in the end, and let them sally out of his mouth to ease his heart. Unfortunate man that I am (he began to say) who alone am cause of all the disgraces that befall the person whom I adore above the world, and that I must be born for no other end, but for her undoing and ruine! O Heavens, what strange offence have I committed against you, that you should persecute me above other men with so great injustice! Have I incurr'd your displeasure to that degree? who is it that would not have done the same thing

thing that I have taken upon me to do? and what violent course have I taken, that Love did not command, and compel me unto? My dearest Princess (continued he looking upon me with an eye that pierc'd into my very Soul,) your constancy does equally astonish, and afflict me; but I am overcome by your love, to see that I have precipitated you into so dangerous a fortune as this that overwhelms my courage, and that if we are taken (as it is very much to be fear'd we shall, without a particular relief from Heaven) I deliver you up to the most cruel race of people in the whole world; whilst in the mean time you fear nothing, and the passion you have for me is such, that amidst a thousand reasons you have justly to reproach me, you continue to overcharge me with bounties, that are incomparably above all others, fit to charm a heart that is wholly devoted to your virtue and are pleas'd in the midst of these extremes to give me new assurances of your fidelity and affliction. Ah (*Madam*) with how exemplary a virtue is your brave soul endued! and why have I not a thousand lives to lay them all  
down

down at this instant in the service to which the excess of this generous affection of yours does oblige me. On the contrary *Don Pedro* (said I interrupting him) if I have any title or power to obtain any signal testimony of your love, it is to preserve that life of yours upon which mine does so absolutely depend; for Heavens sake therefore do not precipitate your self into the hazard of so unequal a fight, or at least remember that you cannot dy, but I must also perish with you. Good God! *Albiond*, how should I stir up your compassion, should I repeat to you all that we sayd to one another upon this occasion, which yet only serv'd to make us more sensible of the sad extremity to which we were reduc'd, and to make us more tender of one another, by the protestation we mutually renew'd of a lasting and inviolate faith.

The wind in the meantime freshned upon our sayls, and by that means had assisted the Pirates also with so brisk a Gale, that the Galley had fetch'd us up an hour sooner than we expected; notwithstanding by the force of more sayl that we had clapt on, we were got within

within fifteen Leagues of the Isle of *Corfica*, when the Galley was come up only within Canon-shot. She gave us at her coming up but one of her Chace pieces only, which at this first firing did us no harm at all; but that as she drew within nearer distance grew to greater danger, and having two that were full Canon plaid at last so full into our middle deck, as at one volley cut of six of our men. *Don Pedro* had given strict order not to fire on our part till the Galley should come up very near, that we might give them a whole broad-side at once. The match was too unequal, for they had aboard the Galley ten men to one that we had in the Frigate; for alas! we little expected, and had less prepar'd for so dangerous an encounter: nevertheless our men took heart by the brave example of *Don Pedro*, by whom they were animated with such resolution as had been sufficient to have inspir'd courage into the greatest Cowards in the world. In the end the Galley boarded us, and was received with the same bravery with which she attack'd us. These Sea fights (as you your self know) are the most furious,  
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and bloody of all other, and there is no place wherein there is more safety than another, all parts of the ship being equally in danger, not only of the shot and the sword, but also of the fire and the water, and to which the Conquerors are equally subject with those that are overcome. Who had then seen *Don Pedro* with that undaunted bravery he fought, and the vigor with which he sustain'd and inspir'd his men, would have rank'd him with the most famous Captains that ever put to Sea. He made head in all places where his presence was most requir'd, and thrust himself into the mouth of dangers with so great agility and courage, that one would have said there had been ten *Don Pedro's* instead of one; and indeed a Mistress to fight for (and she too upon the place) is a wonderful incitement, and so great a spur to valor, as will make a man perform things even beyond the power of a man. But what could valor do in so unequal a fight? every one of our souldiers perform'd acts worthy of a Triumph; but notwithstanding sooner or later they must yield to the number of the enemy, and

and such a one as was accustomed to overcome or dye. Three or four times they attempted to board us, and as often were bravely repulsed, so that murther the odds against us, *Don Pedro* with his handful of men held the victory in suspense. The courage and opposition of so little a number of so good men as those of ours, made me despise the weakness of my sex, and I was never less in fear of death than in this occasion; so that I follow'd *Don Pedro* which way soever he went, who having three or four times entreated me to retire into the Cabin, seeing it was in vain, and that I was resolv'd to share with him in the glory of the action, it is not to be believ'd, what wonders my presence made him do. The *Turks* still gave back where ever he made head against them, and every blow he gave was death, insomuch that the ardor of the *Barbarians* began visibly to cool, and the victory had peradventure turn'd wholly over to our side, had not Fortune vow'd an irreconcilable hatred against us; for in the greatest heat of the fight, of which our people now began to expect an advantageous issue, or at the worst

to come off with equal honor; an unlucky Canon-shot betwixt wind and water funk our Frigot, and by that means put an end to the engagement, where the Conquerors obtain'd less glory, than the conquered, and where the victory strongly went over to the loosing side. There were but few of our brave souldiers left alive when this unfortunate shot put an end to the dispute, of which part were drown'd, and the rest were taken up either swimming the in Sea, or sustaining themselves upon the wracks of the Frigot, some certain loose pieces whereof floated above water when the vessel it self was sunk. I was of the number of those that were made slaves, and that through the good favor of my cloaths, that bore me up, and which in so doing only preserv'd me from the fury of the waves, to make me miserably survive the death of my beloved Lover. I thought from the first that he would certainly be preserv'd with those they took up out of Sea, which I had the greater reason to believe, because I had seen him upon a planck with which he was using all possible endeavor to  
come,

come and relieve me, just at the time when I was taken up by the Pirates: but his despair without doubt made him to part from it, having no more desire to live after he saw me in the hands of the barbarous enemy. Alas! how unexpressible was my grief, when I could hear no news of him, and into what a furious affliction did that news cast me, when they brought me word, that he was with the rest swallowed by the waves. I a thousand times curs'd the hour I had not follow'd him to the bottom of the deep, and thenceforward sought for nothing but death; but the cruelty of my new Masters was such, that to have the pleasure of seeing me dye once a day, they denyed me the means to do it once for all.

*Isabella* ended these last words with so lamentable an accent, and accompanied them with so sorrowful a look, that *Albiond* was touched with compassion for her to that degree, as himself to feel part of the young Lady's sufferings, and so sensible he was of her misfortune and sad condition, as to offer and promise her his best assistance to deliver her from the

very into which by her adverse stars she had been unfortunately cast. He was also about to enter into consultation with her about the means, when a great noise they heard at the outer door of the Apartment, interrupted them from discoursing further concerning that affair. And then it was that fear began a-new to seize the dejected *Albiond* and so far, that although *Isabella* assur'd him it was the *Sultanes* only, yet whatever she could say, he was not to be perswaded by her, but would needs return into his Kennel, and thought himself even there not over secure. I know not what judgment others may make of *Albiond's* little resolution in this case, but for my part I am of opinion, that naturally there was very little to be taken, unless he had had King *Agramants* ring which was,

*Di tal vertu che chi nel dito ha quello  
 Contra il mal de gl' incanti ha Medi-  
 (cina :*

or else the body of *Astolfo*. But let the writers of Romances make their Hero's play

play the parts of persons of the other world, *Albirond* was a man of this; and the fear of being roasted alive would have made him have crept into a less hole, than that of the house of office. *Isabella* then went to open the *Sultaneſs* the door, who in an extraordinary anxiety of thought, at the first word askt her news of *Albirond*, and if she knew not what was become of him. The Slave presently appeas'd the mind of this passionate Lady by what she told her of her beloved *Amoroso*, and by assuring her that she should immediately see him in the same Cabinet where she had left him. The fair *Sultaneſs* could not possibly imagine it could be so (so timerous we are of deceiving our selves, or of being deceived by others in a thing which we extreamly desire;) and her own eyes must give her the joy, her heart durst not without their testimony entertain. But how acceptable a surprize was it to her to find him indeed upon the same Bed where she had left him! how infinite a satisfaction was it to her panting heart, and how many sorts of caresses did it prompt her withal to acquit her self for the sufferings

## The fair One of Tunis.

rings and torments she had sustain'd, and felt for the love of him, and the sollicitude she had been in for his safety ! O my dearest dear (said she embracing and kissing him with all imaginable tenderness) how highly are we this day oblig'd to Love, and Fortune ? to the one, for having preserv'd thy life which I thought by my means had been lost; and to the other, for bringing thee again into my arms ! In what danger (continued she) did I see thee ! Oh, that I had need of infinite pleasures to settle my heart, for the cruel suspense and torments I have suffer'd in so terrible a fear ! The fair one shed some tears amongst her words in the transports wherewith she express'd her amorous desires, which tender tears trickled so gently upon the face of *Albion*, as extracted sighs from his breast, which he knew also how to accompany with some expressions full of Love and passion. Discretion had made *Isabella* withdraw into the next room ; for a third person unwillingly looks on to behold things wherein they themselves would, but can have no share ; by reason that one and one make two, and two and two

two

two make four ; Love only delighting in even numbers , whereas a third perſon alwaies ſpoiles the ſport.

The *Sultaneſs* who had no mind to looſe any more time in talk , was layd negligently upon the Bed with her head ſupported by one of her arms , and her eyes fixt upon her lover, with ſuch a look as demanded of him what the moſt innocent might very well underſtand. The Bath ſhe had been in though cold water , had nothing quench'd the ardor of her deſires ; but ſhe felt all the wanton fires with which Love had furniſh'd the whole Cabinet, and which were ſuch as even made her melt with the flame ; and ſhe was ſo far ſpent with the ardency of her affection that ſhe had no other expreſſion left her but her ſighs, and thoſe, as it were, articulated with the trembling of deſire. But what think you did *Albion* do in the miſt of ſo much flame ? Alas ! 'tis almoſt incredible, ſo hard it is to be believ'd ; he was become upon the matter inſenſible as a ſtatue ; at leaſt, in plain truth, he had nothing left him but the will , that boyled with the ſame ardor the *Sultaneſs* did. The fright he had  
been

been in had so froze up his Spirits for once, that he was cold as Ice, and had no other feeling left him but upon his lips only, which his Mistress had thaw'd and warm'd with a thousand kisses. But to what serv'd these little dalliances, toyings and delays, save only to make her the more thirsty, and to set her the more agog? Kisses do not quench an amorous thirst, no more than one fire extinguishes another, notwithstanding this miserable impotent could do nothing more; and the mischief on't was, that the shame of his miscarriage encreas'd his impotency so, that he was at this moment by having too good an opportunity to be happy the most unhappy person upon earth. The *Sultaneſs* already begun to grow impatient, she knew not what to think of the courage of her servant, which made her say to her self, What, in the name of wonder, is the matter with *A. birond*! what does he stay for! what does he expect! is his passion dead or asleep! and is it possible he can have so much insensibility where he meets with so much Love! This made her offer at some little wantonnesses by way of advance, which afterwards she

was

was a little ashamed of, and so as that the apprehension of what she had done strew'd her face over with a rosy blush.

*Albion* understood all this well enough; he saw what she expected from him, which he also would have desir'd more than she, had his passion had the same power over what should animate his body, as it had over his understanding; but all would not do, and he had only run so great a hazard of his life to make himself the most piteous fellow in the world, at a time when he was the most to have Triumph'd in his fortune. Heavens, what am I become! (said he to himself) what a dull pitiful Rascal am I! is it possible that so many beautiful objects have not the power to move me? where is my soul? what is become of my spirits, that they refuse to assist my passion in so critical a time, and in the happiest opportunity that ever man was blest withal! I have in my time done wonders, where I have had no temptation of Love or beauty to allure me, and must I now play the beast where my affection is so deeply engag'd, and not only my own reputation, but also the honor of my Nation,

## The fair One of Tungs.

Nation (famous throughout the world  
for feats of love) lies at stake ! Go wret-  
ched member, and as thou now doest,  
hide thy head for ever ; thou hast for e-  
ver sham'd and ruin'd thy Master. Cer-  
tainly my Blood is frozen up by en-  
chantment, or otherwise this disgrace  
could never have befalln me,

— *fuit Hector quondam* (chille,  
*Fortius, & tumido violentius Inguen A-*  
*Ast modo torpet iners, & colla labantia*  
(flectit,  
*Tristius exangui monacho quatiense Cu-*  
(cullum.

And yet the charms that I see before my  
eyes, are rather of a nature to produce  
fire in the snow, than to extinguish  
that I had in my heart; which being said  
he redoubled his endeavors, and tried  
all the devices, that were likely to put  
him into the humor of performing the  
part of a gallant man, creeping a little  
closer to his Mistress, who seeing him be-  
gin to bustle up and stir, thought that  
the happy hour was now come, which  
made her (to help him forward artifici-  
ally, and as if it had been without de-  
sign,

sign, discover to him the most beautiful treasures, that Love and Nature have in their fairest Territories, and that were such as had been sufficient to have thaw'd the frost even of old age it self. But the Devil was in't, all this would not do; neither she, nor he, nor both their endeavors joyn'd together could triuckle (as a modern Author uses the word something to worse purpose) that stupid lump of his into any manner of complacency; and *Albiond* although in the very flower of his youth, was nothing mov'd with all these temptations, and all the allurements she could expose before him (which were such as perhaps no || other woman || In Turkey he means, had to shew) did only work upon his mind without awaking in him in the least the sentiments of Nature. By this time despair (as good reason there was) had wholly taken possession of his soul, and he confest in his heart after so manifest a demonstration of impotency, that he was no more a man. Prodigious effect of fear, to have \* transform'd \* Trans- pres'd had been a better word. into marble, what a little before the fire of Love had almost reduc'd to Ashes! Alas, that these accidents are cruel!

cruel! that these Metamorphoses are shameful! and that these coldnesses are very much out of season, when a man should rather dye of too much vigor, and heat!

The amorous *Sultaneſs* takes offence and grows angry in the end; her passion had already been stretcht to the utmost, and her soul all on flame, could no longer endure a man of marble so near her; she therefore start up from the Bed, and with a look full of anger and disdain, leaves him without giving him so much as one word, and retired herself into the other room to her Slave. I think *Isabella* (said she) that *Albiond* is not well, at least I am certain that he has all the signs of a sick man upon him, for he faints, and is not able to stir a member. Pre hee go in to him, and try what thou canst do towards the bringing of him to himself again, and the restoring of his spirits, which he very much stands in need of, that he may be thought to be yet alive. The *Sultaneſs* said all this after so grave and serious a manner, that she took it to be in very good earnest, and ran without staying to be better inform'd of her meaning

meaning towards *Albiond* to relieve him. Coming into the Cabinet she found him laid upon the Bed in such a posture, as did not ill represent a sick person; and the rage and confusion wherein the *Sultaneſs* had left him contributed to the perſwading of *Iſabella* that he had in good earneſt been ſwooning, eſpecially ſeeing he ſayd not a word to her at her coming in: ſhee therefore took a little veſſel that ſtood full of\* water in the window, and approaching ſoftly towards the unfortunate Cavalier, aſkt him if he ſtood in any need of that to reſreſh him, and after what manner he was held? There was in this ſalutation more than enough to encrease *Albionds* deſpair, and to put him out of all manner of patience to ſee himſelf jeer'd, and abuſ'd after this manner, wherefore he coldly entreated *Iſabella* to let him alone, telling her that he wanted nothing at all. The Slave hearing him answer her after this odd faſhion, did not know really what to think; but ſhee knew very well by *Albionds* manner of ſpeaking that there was ſomething more than a fainting in the wind: ſhee did not perceive that he appear'd

\* A Coffer-diſh  
of Coals  
and a feather  
had been more  
proper for  
him.

peard to be very sick, and therefore conceived that there might be rather some little falling out betwixt the *Sultaneſs* and him, as it often happens betwixt the moſt paſſionate lovers. She had an itch therefore to be a little better ſatiſfied, and to that purpoſe inquiſitively demanded of him, if he had given the *Sultaneſs* no occaſion of offence; *Albiſond* in whom the ſole remembrance of his impotency redoubled the vexation of his mind, ſtraight imagin'd, that *Iſabella* had been ſent on purpoſe to ſail him after that cruel manner, and in that opinion out of ſpite to be ſo uſ'd, neglecting to answer pertinentlly to the queſtion ſhee aſkt him, only deſired her to help him out, that he might go hence to his lodging. By this dogged reply of his, ſhee was confirm'd in her former ſuſpicion; but nevertheleſs made answer, that he could not depart till firſt ſhee had acquainted the *Sultaneſs* with his reſolution; but that ſhe would go preſently to her to know her pleaſure, and return to him again: The fair *Sultaneſs* could not on the ſuddain perſwade her ſelf to conſent that *Albiſond* ſhould depart from her, till firſt ſhe had  
 extract-

ed from him some satisfaction for the disappointment he had put upon her; but after some reasons that the poor founder'd Lover had sent to represent before her of the danger least the *Beglerbeg* should ask for him, and least they at his lodging should make a hubbub at his staying out so long; she gave him leave to go at last, but upon this condition nevertheless that he should come again very early in the morning, and that in the mean time he should take something to cure him of his Lethargy.

After this manner did our *Cavalier* obtain his dismissal; and although he did not ask to see his Mistress at his going away, to avoid the having his shame renew'd upon him, by a sight which but for that he would have purchas'd at the peril of his life: she nevertheless came out to him, having much ado to forbear laughing, and kist him five or six times before she would let him go. *Isabella* went with him to the window, at which looking out, and seeing nobody in the Garden, she told him he might go down, which he also did, not with so much joy, and so great ardor

as he had mounted before ; but at greater ease , and in a much worse humor. The fair Slave was all this while mighty impatient to know what had past, and what could be the matter betwixt the *Sultaneſs*, and *Albirond*, whom she saw go away so discontent , and her longing was as quickly satisfied as her impatience was great, her Mistress who had a mind to laugh with her about it, telling her all as soon as she return'd back into her Chamber , and in that pleasant humor would needs have *Isabella* write him a railing letter about it, of which commission she acquitted herself after this manner.

The Slave *Isabella* to the insensible *Albirond*.

**I** Knew not what shift you made to get home , but in the weak condition you parted hence, I cannot see, but unless you had some help you must necessarily lye by the way. Poor Lover ! is this all you are able to do, where you are so passionately in love ? and could your mettle proceed no further , than only to dye in the arms of a fair Lady ? In earnest you have mightily deceiv'd

deceiv'd me; for to see with what vigor and address, with no more help but that of a simple cord only, you mounted the window of our Apartment, I could not have believed you would have fail'd where there was so little to be done. Men half dead rise again upon these occasions; and it is not at such a time that a brave Cavalier should dye of faintness. I cannot forbear to tell you, that I am infinitely sorry you should so misdemean your self; and the interest I pretend to in your reputation, obliges me to deal more freely with you, than I should have done, did not this affair so highly reflect upon your honor. Consider with your self what you are, and endeavor to repair so great a Cowardise: I can assure you it is highly expected from you, and we are apt to hope better things from your courage; the rather because you were observ'd to be in a better posture, and better dispos'd to acquit your self like a man of honor, before the Beglerbeg came to subdue that lusty humor, otherwise you would be in great danger never again to be admitted to a second trial; Farewel, We expect you.

This Letter to say the truth was a little too free for a Maid, but it put the *Sultaneſs* into a very good humor; whom *Iſabella* made it her buſineſs by all wayes to pleaſe, and whoſe intereſt it was ſo to do; neither had ſhe given the reins to her wit upon any other account, but only to divert her. The *Sultaneſs* commanded her preſently to ſeal it up, and to carry it to the ordinary place where they uſ'd to lay the reſt, that is to ſay, to the conduit of Lead, where *Albiond* and ſhe had firſt ſhook hands; to the end that he, who never fail'd to viſit that place the firſt thing he did, might read the Letter ſo ſoon as ever he ſhould come into the Garden.

Thus did the *Sultaneſs*, and her fair Slave divert, and make themſelves merry with the poor *Cavalier's* diſaſter; but our unfortunate *Albiond* was nothing in ſo pleaſant a humor, nor paſt away his time after ſo pleaſant a manner; in his life he had never been ſo diſſatisfied with himſelf as he was at this inſtant, and it wanted but little when he came home to his lodging, that rage and ſhame had not put an end

to

to his dayes. Despite, grief, melancholly, vexation, horror, confusion, all sorts of ill humor, and all the other civil affections of the mind that can any way persecute or torment a poor Soul, prompted him to dislodge his from a body so wretched, and so destitute of vigor; and doubtless had it not been for the hopes of doing better, when he should be a little better compos'd and recovered from the fright he had been in, there had been an end of a *Monsieur*. He now no more remembered the hazard he had run, nor the danger he had been in, his memory and imagination being wholly taken up with the mortal effects of a cold and impotent constitution. And though he had been certain to dye all manner of deaths, he would a second time tempt the same fortune, to try to repair so infamous a stupidity by feats worthy a man of his force and mettle; and he was confident enough of his own abilities, not to fear twice together to give false fire. Oh Heavens! what power has glory over a young heart already replete with love! but especially when a fair Mistress is in the concern. It is true that

he had been engag'd in several other encounters of this nature, but such an accident had never befalln him before, and he might safely say without vanity that in all his other amorous conflicts he had behav'd himself as well, and come as bravely off as any *Cavalier* in the world. All the rest of that day he made very much of himself, and avoided all violent exercise to keep his forces entire; but it is true withal, that he did eat but very little, and that he did not sleep much better; for though he made no great doubt but to behave himself better the next time, yet could he not banish from his mind the grief of having done as he did, or rather of having been able to do nothing at all.

In the morning (which prov'd as fair an one as could be wish'd for the resurrection of the flesh,) he arm'd himself at all points, not for the camp of *Mars*, but for that of *Venus*, and came into the Garden, much better dress'd and perfum'd than he was wont to be; but in truth something with the latest for him, by reason that a great many slaves which *Azem* had brought thither were working at *Sidi Mahomet's Bath*, and had

had begun by the Aqueduct, to which the pipe of Lead belong'd where they us'd to lay their Letters. It is not to be imagin'd with what astonishment and grief our unfortunate Lover saw these people there at this time, it being as though he had seen so many persons prepar'd to put him to death, with a thousand several cruel torments. What fury, what Tempests arose at once in his mind ! to see the evil condition to which his affairs were reduc'd by this accident, and the little likelihood there was, that he could of a good many dayes acquit himself of his debt; which to do, the impatience he was in was the thing that the most of all afflicted his mind. In the mean time he was constrain'd to turn aside into another walk to avoid being seen in that of the *Seraglio* where the Slaves were at work, and there the working of his fancy carried him so far before he was aware of what he was doing, or which way he was going (his thoughts being wholly taken up with the deliberation of what he was to resolve upon) that he was got to the end of the Garden before he almost knew where he was : but

there coming a little to himself he took notice of a Slave, that being withdrawn apart from the rest, was reading a Letter, at the contents whereof (as it should seem) he skrew'd himself into so many extravagant postures, as sufficiently denoted him to be at the end of his wits, and either enrag'd or afflicted, or both, even to despair. The odd and extraordinary gestures of this Slave possess'd *A'birond* with a certain curiosity to know who this fellow was, and what the matter might be; which he might the better do by reason that by the favor of some trees in the walk, he might steal pretty near him without danger of being seen. He advanc'd therefore, and stopp'd not till he approach'd so near that he could very well hear every word he sayd, which also he utter'd very loud after this manner in the *Spanish* Tongue. Ah ingrate! ingrateful woman (said he) I but too well know thy hand, that thy false heart has here made use of to the violation of the fidelity thou hast so often, and with so many vows engag'd to me; why was I not born blind; or rather why was I born at all? To what cruel Destiny  
has

has Heaven reserv'd me in delivering me from the fury of the waves, to no other end but only to bring me hither with my own eyes to behold but too too clear and killing testimonies of the blackest infidelity that ever was committed vpon the face of the earth ! Let us doubt no more, my Soul, my eyes are too faithful witnesses, I see and read it : This faithless woman has given up her self to another, not by any Law of equity, seeing she had no power to dispose of her self anew, after having given up her faith to me, but by a Lawless Law, of a fickle and sensual Love. Ah cruel ! was not that enough I have already suffered for thee, but that thou must again deceive me ? Heaven will I hope revenge me of thy perfidy, and of the love that thou hast bannish'd from thy inconstant breast to make room for another. But why do I stay any longer in the world ? or why do I delay to go out of it since she for whom I only lived ravishes away my life to give it to a Rival ? Let us dye then, let us dye with the torments that I suffer, since I am already dead to those delights I propos'd to my self in the enjoyment  
of

of the sweetest fair that ever betray'd a true affection. 'Tis to have ceas'd to live, when we can propose to our selves no joy in living; let us then cease to suffer, and part with a life that carries with it more misery and torment than a thousand deaths. But ought I to dye without being first reveng'd? and have I not means enough left me wherewith to punish this too happy Rival, and too unfaithful Mistress? Let us then first revenge our selves. Let us first kill those that murder me, and let us reserve our selves, my Soul, till first I have made an end of them who have depriv'd me of my heart. The Slave so soon as he had spoke these words, was about to turn back again to go to his fellows; when *Albiond* who was not above three steps from him, stopt him short, and in so doing strangely surprized him. He demanded of him what he ayl'd to look so sad and dejected, or why he thus separated himself from the rest, and whether he wanted any thing wherein it might be in his power to relieve him? The Slave instead of returning a civil answer to so obliging a Compliment as *Albiond* had made him, only paid him back with a look

look full of scorn and indignation, as if his quarrel had been to him, and without any kind of reply, strove to get his arms at liberty, by which the other held him. This rude carriage of the Slave did a little astonish the *Cavalier*, who could not imagine why he should behave himself to him after this manner; but he saw he was of necessity to detain him by force, to be better satisfied in the business, believing with good reason, that there was something more than humor in the case; but for what reason the Slave should proceed after this manner, quite contrary to the behaviour of all the rest, he could not so much as guess, especially towards him, who obliged them all by all the wayes he could, and who was respected by every one, upon the account of the friendship the *Beglerbeg* manifested to him upon all occasions. He would therefore make use of a little cunning to try to engage the Slave to tell him all, by repeating to him what he had already gathered out of his own mouth. He then after a gentle and courteous manner, askt him two or three questions, concerning his name the place of his birth, and how he came

## The fair One of Tungs.

to be made a Slave; to which the fellow grumbling answer'd, that his name was *Alphonso*, that he was of *Valence* in *Spain*, and that a *Tagarin* had sold him to the *Beglerbeg* his Master. But *Albiond* who was not content with this, and that had a mind to learn something more particularly from him, askt him again what made him so sad? and whether it was not that Letter he had seen him read, that had put him into that ill humor? telling him that he ought not to deny him that little satisfaction; that he should not repent him of making him his *Privado*, and that if he knew him well, as he believed he must needs do, he might believe, that it was in his power to do him a good office to his Master. *Alphonso* so soon as ever he heard him mention the Letter became more troubled than before, and like a mad-man wrested himself out of *Albiond*'s hands with these words that he said to him going away. Yes, I have a Letter, but it shall be delivered to no other but the *Beglerbeg* himself, who I hope will revenge me in righting himself from the injury that is practised upon him in his own house. These words were

were too plain not to put *Albiound* to a damnable non-plus, he saw well enough that they were levelled at him, and that it was no more to be doubted but that this Letter came from the *Sultaneſs*. One is apt to fear every thing when every thing is in reason to be fear'd; nevertheless upon examining the affair from the one end to the other, he could not conceive what interest this Slave could have in it; nor of what he would that the *Beglerbeg* should revenge him. He sometimes thought that he had pierc'd into the marrow of the Mystery, when he vvas the vvhole Heaven vvide, and the furthest off of all; for by the handsome mean of the Slave, and his bold manner of speaking, he imagin'd him to be another of the *Sultanes's* Gallants, whom she had favour'd before him; and these words of ingrate and faithless that he had heard him exclaim vvith, did but too much confirm him in this opinion. Here it vvas that Jealousy (a passion that had never before possess'd him upon the account of the *Sultaneſs*.) seiz'd him after such sort, as might peradventure have hurried him to some precipitous

tous violence upon the Slave, had he not been already at a good distance from him : but he being got out of his reach, he turn'd into another vvalk to meditate upon some remedy in so desperate an affair. One vexation drives out another ; he had already forgot that vvhich had so much perplext him but a little before, in that he could not execute his design, and now his vvhole fancy vvvas at vvork to contrive some way to get the Slaves Letter from him, either by fair means or foul ; that so he might disengage himself from a perplexity, by which he was on all sides strangely tormented. He walked on ruminating after this manner, when an arrow, like that before, whishing by his ear, stopp'd his progress. He ran presently to take it up, not doubting but it brought some Ticket along with it as the other had done, and accordingly he found one tied to the shaft, which contain'd these words.

*A* *Librond, think of disengaging us from the danger we are now falling into, and wherein you your self, to our great misfortune, are equally concern'd. Thus it is,*  
*The*

The Sultaneſs laſt night commanded me to write a letter to you, which I did after ſo indiſcreet a manner, as will coſt us all our lives if you do not uſe your utmoſt endeavor to recover it. I layd it, by her order, before wee went to bed, in the pipe of Lead, where I us'd to lay the others, that you might read it ſo ſoon as you came into the Garden; and this Morning, this Company of Slaves you ſee, are come er'e we were awake to work at the Bath, and have unluckily begun by this pipe, which they have remov'd out of its place. The letter muſt therefore neceſſarily either be ſtill within it, or ſome of them muſt have taken it out. For Heavens ſake try your wits then to find it out, and if you have any hopes of delivering us from the fear and trouble wee are in, make us a ſign with your handkerchief, for the Sultaneſs is in a mortal apprehenſion.

So ſoon as *Albiſond* had read this Ticket, he no more doubted but that the letter they ſpake of was the ſame he had ſeen in the ſlave *Alphonſo's* hands; but yet he could not imagine what reaſon he could have to be ſo highly concern'd at it, nor what to think of his ſaying the *Beglerbeg* ſhould revenge him. He ſtill  
fell

fell into his former opinion, that this was some favourite of the *Sultaneſs*, and that upon a leſs account than an intereſt of Jealouſie, a ſlave could not pick any thing out of a letter that was not directed to him. All theſe reaſons, and all theſe different thoughts ended at laſt in a reſolution to retrieve this letter by what way ſoever, at leaſt to prevent it from being carried to the *Beglerbeg's* hands. To this end he went preſently to the palace, and there enquired of the firſt of the Guards he met with, if he knew the ſlave *Alphonſo*? and that he muſt in the name of Governor *Azem* go fetch him thither. The Turk made anſwer, that he did not well know which of the Slaves this was, that he had only heard the *Beglerbeg* had bought ſuch a one about fifteen dayes ſince, but that he would immediately go bring him to him. As ſoon as *Alphonſo* came, *Albiſond* bid him follow him; which the ſlave made no difficulty to obey, knowing very well that it was in *Albiſonds* power to cauſe him to be cudgell'd to death if he commanded it only, without aſking any reaſon why. When the *Cavalier* had got him a pritty way out into the fields,

attended

attended only by two *Moors* that continually waited upon him, he there askt him first of all, if he had belong'd to the *Beglerbeg* any considerable time? To which *Alphonso* making answer, that in truth it was but a few dayes since he had been sold to his Master, it serv'd not a little to undeceive *Albironde* from his former error, and at the same time posselt him with a greater curiosity than ever, to interrogate him, What reasons he could have to concern himself so much with that Letter? seeing that it was not possible that in so short a time this slave could have made any particular acquaintance with the *Sultaneſs*, but he himself must infallibly have had some knowledg of it. He prest him then in very good earnest, to tell him, why he should make such a business of that letter; telling him in plain terms, that he would see it, to know what pretence he could have to revenge himself of an ingrate. Yes (sayd *Alphonso*) who could not very well avoyd answering him, and declaring the whole business of an ingrate, that will betray you also, as she has already done me. I know not (replyd *Albironde*) of whom you intend to

Q

speak

speak, you must therefore better explain your self, and tell me who it is you complain of, for without doubt you are mistaken. This Letter (replyed the slave) has alone sufficiently enform'd me of more than I ever expected to know, but I will never deliver it to you so long as I have life; and tis enough for you to know, that it comes from the Seraglio, to beleive that a man may sufficiently revenge himself, who has as much, or a greater interest there than you. But what pretence (sayd *Albirond*) can you have in the Seraglio who are a stranger, and but newly arriv'd in this Country? who do you know there, this letter does not come from the party you imagin. Alas (sayd *Alphonso*) I know the hand but too well, and would to Heaven that my eyes did not assure me that it comes from a faithless Maid, who writes it to you: from a fickle one, for whose love I have crost the Seas, to give my self up a slave, and with my liberty to hazard the loosing of my life, that I have only preserv'd for her, and that I ought rather to have laid down for any other, than such a treacherous, and faithless Woman. For, to be short *Albirond*, since I see

See my affairs reduc'd to this desperate condition, I care not much if you know all, that you may have as much aversion, as perhaps you have love for a creature, the most treacherous and false that ever set her foot upon the face of the earth. This *Isabella* (Sir) by whom you are now enchanted, is the same who betraid me for you, after having promis'd and vowed to me her faith with a thousand Oaths, above a thousand times, and after having given me such assurances, as she cannot without dying of shame deny. *Albiond* had thus far barked to the Slave with a marvailous attention; but he had now said enough to unravel all this adventure, and to discover the truth of an affair concerning which he had been so much perplext. After what *Isabella* had told him in the story of her Lover, he had all the reason in the world to believe that this was he, and that he had not been cast away as she thought; which, was also so much the more likely, because she had said she saw him upon a planck. All which being considered, *Albiond* without permitting the Slave to proceed any further, cut him short, by demanding of

him, if his name was not *Don Pedro*, and not *Alphonso*? Yes (said the Slave) I am that unfortunate *Don Pedro* of whom that traytress (the subject of my tears) has doubtless given you some account, that *Don Pedro* who—— Here *Albiron* would needs interrupt him from proceeding any further, assuring him that it was nothing but the fear of being seen by these *Moors* that withheld him, from embracing and paying him all the respect that was due to a man of his quality and merit; after which he endeavour'd to perswade him, that he was his friend, and not his Rival: but he found that a thing something hard to do, and was in the end constrain'd to shew him *Isabella's* second Letter, and even to declare unto him part of what had past betwixt the *Sultaneſs* and him, thereby to dispossess him of his former conceit; and then it was that *Don Pedro* began to pant with a little joy, after so many torments, and so many miseries, that Love and Jealousy had afflicted him withal. He observ'd something in *Albiron* so generous and so gentile and so little of the Traitors mode, and together with his own protestations, helpt wholly

wholly to clear his understanding from his former suspicion, and to make him hope for better things, and a better fortune than he before expected. *Albirond* also, on his side, was not a little satisfied with himself for having brought so ticklish and so difficult an affair to so good an issue, and which he had before judg'd almost impossible to succeed to his advantage; at least without his being necessitated to push things on to the last extrem. They enter'd from this time forward into the most perfect friendship that could possibly be; *Don Pedro* wholly rely'd upon *Albirond* for his fortune, he gave him the Letter which he himself had found in the pipe of Lead, and had taken out thence without any one having perceiv'd him; and in the end both of them, without taking any further notice of one another, return'd to the Garden, where *A'phonso* fell to work amongst the rest; and *Albirond* took another walk, where he might be seen from the *Seraglio* to give the sign with his handkerchief, that all was well. He there continued something longer; so stay as he was wont to do the hour of dinner,

during which time he resolv'd in his mind with some delight the several different passions he had been tormented with in that one morning. It is true that the Nature of Love is quite another thing than what people imagine. 'Tis like a fire, that shines at distance, and pleases our sight, but when one comes to touch it,

(earth

*Oh how it Burns, the Monster seeming  
Never produc'd such a prodigious birth.*

'Tis a thing wonderful hard to deal withal, the world knows it not; there is nothing so vexatious, nothing so wounding; nor any thing that kills with so much impunity all that submit themselves to his power. Little Traitor that he is! You would say that there is nothing so charming when he lies sunning himself in the warm rayes of a wanton beauty; that there is nothing so sweet when he tempts you with a kiss, or with something of greater kindness; but if he once takes a fancy against you, vvith vvhat torments and miseries does he overwhelm you, a thousand times more cruel than the pains of Hell; and then  
it

it is that he is properly to be call'd Love without love. He makes a shew as if he would be familiar with you, that he invites you with two fair eyes which have nothing in them but fair promises; but if one try them, if one approach them, and if a man repose any confidence in them, you shall see with what poyson they shall regale you. *Albion* did not exactly make the same reflexions upon the *Sultanes*; for she in truth had not dealt over rigorously with him, and Love had more reason to complain of him, than he had to complain of Love in this affair; which also he was so conscious of, that he thought of nothing more but an occasion wherein to pay his arrears; upon which as he was deeply meditating, another arrow came just in the nick to direct him. He presently imagin'd that it brought another Ticket, as he found so soon as he had taken it up that it did, and which untying from the shaft, he there read these words.

**W**E have seen the sign you gave us with your handkerchief, which has restored to us part of the joy we had lost; but in truth the fright the miscarriage

age of my Letter put us into, has so far possessed us that to be totally at rest, we must be assured that the Letter is in your hands, or that you are in very good hopes to be Master of it, to give us which satisfaction, you must make us another sign with your handkerchief.

Albiond having read thus far without more delay, pull'd out his handkerchief; and wav'd it three or four times about his head, which being done, he went on with the Ticket which continued thus.

As to the rest, we do not intend to acquaint you for the slaves being here at work; on the contrary we are willing to believe, that if you are the brave Cavalier you appear to be, and that if the glory you have lost, in so fair an occasion, does, as it ought to do, prompt you to repair your honor: you will come in the evening and conceal your self in the Garden, after which so soon as it shall be time (that is so soon as every one shall be a bed) we will give you opportunity in a fine night, to repair the impotency of a day for you, as full of dangers as of miscarriage. You very well understand what I mean. Farewell, We shall expect you you know where.

These

These last lines, did not a little incite *Albiroind's* ardent desires, at the same time that they cover'd his face with shame and confusion at their just reproaches. He immediately accepted the challenge, for which he suffer'd so great a disquiet, that he would have been content to have died upon condition he had first perform'd the duty of an able man; only that which most troubled him in the business was *Don Pedro* (whom we shall hereafter call *Alphonso*, with whom he had a great mind to have a longer conference, and to send for him that very night; but an affair of Love commonly carries it above all others, and *Albiroind* had been to be excus'd, though he had quitted one of greater importance, for an occasion wherein he was not only to satisfy his Love, but was moreover concern'd to vindicate his reputation.

Just as he was upon this deliberation, *Alphonso* very seasonably past by with the other Slaves, who were going to the Pallace to dinner; whom *Albiroind* having caus'd to be called to him, and having taken him aside acquainted him with the desire he had to have talkt with

with him that evening had it not been for some business, that he could not possibly dispence withal, but he assur'd him that the next day he would send for him, when he would give him some account of his Mistris, and where they would together resolve upon something in order to his, and her liberty. He would at that time hold him no longer in talk, that he might give no suspicion to the Guards who were apt to make a great deal of cluttur about nothing, and to turn every whisper, and almost every look into suspicion. *Alphonso* then thus parted from him; and *Albirond* took the way towards the City, where all the afternoon he had made himself ready for the Triumph that was preparing for him at Night. He went to make the *Beglerbeg* a short visit, who was furiously importunate with him to stay supper, though he made shift to excuse himself, and to get away, by telling him in how ill an humor he was to drink. For the Ordinary of that Lord was a continual debauch, and no one was to sit down to his Table unless he was resolv'd before hand to drink to a very great height. This visit being over, his  
next

next care was to take the order that was necessary at his lodging, that they might not wonder he lay from home, as it had some times hapned before upon other occasions; all which being done, without suffering any one to go along with him, he went to the *Rendezvous*, where by reason of the slaves being at work in the Garden, every one almost went in and out at pleasure, without the Guards taking particular notice of any; an accident that very much favoured *Albiond's* design, who would not that they should have observ'd him to go twice thither in one day.

He came there pretty betimes, the better to make choice of his place, and was soon perceiv'd by *Isabella*, who stood Centinel on the Top of the Tower. Immediately upon his coming he pickt out a remote corner to keep himself as much as he could from being seen; which it was no hard matter for him to do, for the Garden was spacious enough, wherein twenty might have conceald themselves without fear of being discover'd. It is to be supposed that in two or three howers time, that the shades of night delayd totally to co-

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ver the face of Heaven ; he had leasure to create to himself very beautiful Images of his approaching happiness, and to represent with infinite delight to his imagination those pleasures which he made no question but to take with a better gusto, and to make better use of, than he had done the time before.

The night being at last come, and the Guards of the palace having gone the Round of the Garden? our passionate, and impatient Lover began a little to taste the sweet ayre of liberty. He went out of his shady prison, and immediately took the shortest cut to the *Seraglio*, and would not go so much as a step out of his way, for fear of loosing a moment of occasion, so soon as *Isabella* should be come to the window ; and being come under the wall, he there stayd expecting her coming with a wonderful patience.

*Ad ogni picciol Moto ch'egli udiva,  
Sperando che fusse ella, il capo alzava  
Sentir credeasi e spesso non sentiva  
Poi del suo errore accorto sospirava.*

The time ever seemes intollerably  
long

long, when one is in expectation of any thing, but especially in matters of love. The night was exceeding dark, that is to say, the most beautiful to *Albion's* eye that ever he had seen, and it seem'd in nothing to dislike him but only that *Isabella* a little too long delay'd her coming, and so long it seem'd to our impatient *Cavalier*, as at last rays'd a furious conflict in his Soul betwixt hope and fear; but a little noise, which he presently heard above at the window, immediately took up the quarrel. He thereupon gave a little *Hem*, to signify that he was there; when presently the Ladder was let down, which he had taken so much pains in making the time before. He lost no time, but mounted nimbly, and almost at one breath, up to the window, where *Isabella* stood waiting for him, who nevertheless was a little surpriz'd to see him so soon at the Top. She receiv'd him after a very obliging manner, in return whereof *Albion* told her in her ear, that he had news of great importance to acquaint her with, but that it would require some time in the telling, and a place where no one could over-hear them. For the place

place (replied *Isabella*) I think there can be none more convenient than the *Sultanes's* chamber, and we shall certainly have some spare moments in all this whole night to confer together; for I have something also to tell you of a dream I have had this night; but let us go, for the *Sultanes's* stayes expecting I should bring her an account of you, and she will be overjoy'd when she sees that you bring it your self. You will find her in bed, but not of sickness, unless Love be a disease. Prepare your self therefore for brave assaults, for you never beheld any thing so lovely as what you are now going to see in all your life. Upon this they came to the *Sultanes's* her Chamber door, into which *Isabella* enter'd first alone, to receive her Mistress's orders, if she should introduce *Albiond*, who stood waiting her pleasure at the door; at which news the Fair one, as full of impatience, as of joy, start up, and was her self going to meet him,

*Benche ne gonna, ne faldiglia baccesse:*

had not *Albiond* (who was as impatient of delayes as she) stept in before he had leave

leave given him so to do. But how were the eyes of this happy Lover then struck with the most beautiful object he had ever beheld ! He has himself assur'd me that he was for some time so dazled, as if he had not seen at all. This fair Enchantress had adorn'd the bed wherein she lay with all the richest furniture she had; but there was nothing so fair as herself, though she was at this time stript of all other ornaments, but what were naturally her own; she had only a stript *Satin* Mantle, the ground whereof was Gold, with which she cover'd but the one half of her bosom, and almost all the rest of her body was to be seen through a smock, the transparent fineness whereof was very proper for the design she had to hide nothing of those parts wherein she conceiv'd lay the chiefest of her beauties. *Albi* and approach'd her, where putting one knee to ground, he took one of her fair hands which he kiss'd above a thousand times : but the *Sultaneſs* (who worse than death fear'd a relapse of impotency, could not endure that this extasy of her Lover, who utter'd not one word, should so long continue) would break this amorous

morous silence, and also the Charms, that held him thus motionless at her Beds-feet; a posture that she did by no meanes like to see him in. Well *Albion* (said she smiling) have you recovered your vigor since yesterday, and may we now expect to know what a man of ability you are. You should not *Madam* (replied her *Amoroso* with a languishing ayr) reproach me with a disgrace, of which you your self were alone the cause, for if it was not an effect of your Charms, I know not by whose enchantment I should be reduc'd to a condition I never found my self in before: but (added he with a pretty confident smile) I have to day taken an antidote, and if I am not mistaken in my own constitution, I find something in my self more of a man than I had yesterday; at which last words he had the courage to take off her mantle, which also she had only put on for ceremony, and that she parted withal without any manner of opposition; and there in this Pallace of Love, he gathered the Roses and the Lillies he had forgot the day before.

*Hor fino 'a gli occhi ben nuota nel golfo  
Delle delitie, é delle Cose bella.*

How sweet those sorts of pleasures are, is not here by me well to be exprest and *Albiond* himself, though he had at this time more than one tongue in his mouth, would for all that have much ado to do it; they are delights so ravishing, as are above all imagination, and such as a man can only advise those to taste, who have a mind to know truly what they are. 'Tis a pleasing kind of occupation, wherein a man cannot well say he is alive, forasmuch as he is certainly all the while dying of joy and content: But this is most certain that never Conqueror since the first practise of arms, came more puffed with glory for the greatest victory he ever obtain'd, than *Albiond* came off from this amorous encounter; where nevertheless there was not much blood to be spilt: and so well satisfied he was with his own performance, that transported with joy of his gallant behaviour, he could not forbear asking the *Sultanesse*, how she lik'd the state of his body, and if she

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was

was satisfied with his abilities. Go you ill conditioned thing (replied this fair one with the dying eyes) you only disappointed me the time before, to make me relish this the better now, and if you come again, I do verily believe I shall dye of delight. I will by no means (answered *Albiond*) be the occasion of your death, but I know very well, that if these kind of amorous enchantments kill, they also at the same time revive. At which word he took the charming Lady again in his arms to give her a proof of what he had said, and accordingly they both of them dyed a death, that very few people would refuse. This was done, and repeated more than once, I cannot say how oft, neither ought I to do it, that I may leave to every one the liberty of diverting himself in his own imagination according to his own humor and constitution, with all that there past betwixt them during some happy hours.

In the end the *Sultaneſs* by being very well rock'd, was faſn into a gentle ſlumber, and *Albiond* who for ſome time had no mind to diſturb her repoſe, and who alſo himſelf ſtood in need of  
some

some little cessation, took this opportunity to go to *Isabella* to tell her what he had promis'd. The fair Slave could not forbear laughing so soon as she saw him come, not knowing which way to frame her self to ask him, what she had a very great mind to know: but *Albiron* presently put her out of her pain by speaking first. Well *Isabella* (said he) shall I alwaies be reproach'd with impotency? I know not (replied the beautiful Slave who had not yet given over laughing) how well you may have behav'd your self to night; but I am certain there was once reason sufficient to reproach you with it. After this they both sat down close by one another, where *Albiron* told her all he knew concerning *Don Pedro*, which *Isabella* found so surprizing and thought so exceeding strange, that she had need of all the confidence she had in *Albiron*'s worth and integrity to believe it. Her joy notwithstanding was infinitely great, and she was so much pleased with the news, that she made him three or four times over and over again give her a description of *Don Pedro*'s person, to see if he was not deceiv'd, and still

found that he gave a perfect description of his face, his voice, his stature, his fashion and his manner of speaking, and to be short, the whole account was *Don Pedro* himself throughout, so that she was certain it must be he, and now panted for nothing but the happy hour, wherein she should be so blest as to see him. Let mine eyes but once more see thee (cried she above twenty and twenty times together) but one moment, and then let me dye, I shall be satisfied with my fate. *Albiond* then repeated to her at large all that had past concerning the Letter that *Don Pedro* had found in the conduit, with the Jealousy it had put him into, and the things it had made him say, at which poor *Isabella* tenderly wept. But after all, they were to think of the means to make them both happy, wherein *Albiond* saw no other way but only to try the power he had with the *Sultaneſs* to obtain her liberty without making any mention of *Don Pedro*; but that *Isabella* thought almost impossible, considering the intimacy and friendship establiſht betwixt her Miſtris and her, who she thought would never be perſwaded to part with her, espec-

especially so long as *Albiond* should continue in the Country, and that he himself would have much ado to disengage himself from her if he did not do it by stealth, and without taking any formal leave. *Albiond* told her that he would further consider of it; but did in the mean time assure her, that he would evermore labor with all his interest and endeavor to contribute to their happiness with all the power he had: that he would talk with *Don Pedro* about it, and that they would conclude together once for all, upon what resolution they were to take.

After he had given her these assurances of his good inclination and readiness to serve her in what should lie within his power, he return'd towards the *Sultaneſs*, for fear least if she should happen to awake, she might be angry to see him in private with her Slave; for in that Country the Women are jealous upon the least possibility, and \* *Isabel* And yet I do believe she might trust him, as she had order'd the matter. *la* was handsome enough to give occasion even to those who were not naturally so. He found her yet asleep, but so that a little noise would serve to wake her, and it was upon so charming

a pretence, that she found no fault with being disturb'd. On the contrary she a little grumbled at him, that he would suffer her to sleep so long, telling him that that had not in it over-much of the Gallant. *Albiroind* excus'd himself, by telling her, he thought she might have wanted rest; your self rather you mean (replied the *Sultaneſs* very roundly, and with a pretty ſmile) who could not have puſht your courage much further without the relief of this little drowſineſs of mine, which ſeiz'd me ſo opportunely for you. I do not ſee at this time (replied *Albiroind*) that you have any great reaſon to complain of me, for——No (interrupting and taking him in her arms) I cannot complain ſaid ſhe, I rather fear to be overſatisfied, and leaſt you ſhould one day make me pay for the pleaſure of this night with a thouſand tears; but you ought to conſider, that if you love me well, you ought to love me ſo long as you live, and never to ſeparate your ſelf from me. *Albiroind* was about to reply, when *Iſabella's* Voice, which they heard very ſuddain, and very loud did a little ſurprize them. They could neither of them both imagine

gine, what should make her skreek after that manner; *Albiond* presently ran, and hid himself behind the *Sultaneſs* bed, and ſhe for the fear ſhe was in durſt not riſe to go ſee what it might be; nevertheless *Albiond* hearing no more noiſe, took heart, and would venture out to *Iſabella* to aſk her what was the matter, but ſhe prevented him by coming her ſelf where ſhe aſkt their pardon, telling them, that a Cat had almoſt frighted her out of her wits, and that it was nothing elſe. The *Sultaneſs* was not ſo well ſatiſfied with this excuſe; but that ſhe chid her a little, telling her, that if ſhe was ſo timerous, ſhe would do a great deal better to ſtay in the Chamber with her, rather than to put her into ſuch frights as were enough to kill her. The Slave excus'd her ſelf the beſt ſhe could, and ſo retir'd ſoftly back again to her own Chamber.

Now the truth of the ſtory was, that ſhe had ſeen a man enter into her Chamber, which on the ſuddain (as well it might, where ſhe expected no ſuch thing) had ſo ſupriz'd her, as had put her to the ſqueek, but that ſo ſoon as the firſt fright was over, ſhe knew to be *Don*

*Pedro.* This Lover whom Jealousy had tormented without his being able to overcome it, seeing nothing in *Albironds* discourse that could presently satisfy him he was not in love with his Mistress, apprehended a furious Jealousy at what he had sayd to him in the Garden, that he would bring him newes, and that he had an affair he could not dispene withal, which hinder'd him that day from talking with him. Upon this he askt leave of his Master that he might have the liberty to go to *Albironds* lodging, telling him that he had commanded him to come to him; and accordingly having leave so to do, he went, and was as soon as he came there, told, that he could not see him that Night, by which his suspicion being infinitely more augmented, he doubted not but he was by appointment to pass away that very night in the arms of his faithless Mistress; and thereupon put on a resolution to dye, or to know the truth once for all. Thus resolv'd, he departed that very moment, and fortunately recover'd the Gate of the City from whence he made towards the Garden, to which nevertheless he durst not approach till it was dark

dark night. The hour being at last come, he walkt up and down a long time on this side, and on that, to see where he might best get over the wall; and at last found a kind of Breach, which nevertheless was very hard to climb, but with a little trouble being very active, he at last overcame the difficulty, and enter'd the Garden at the same time that *Albiroind* had just mounted the window. He a thousand times searcht every Corner, Arber and Bush of the Garden, as if he had been sure to find *Albiroind* in some of those places with his ungrateful Mistress, and in this diligent search of his he often past before the *Seraglio*, where he listned very attentively to try if he could hear nothing there. Behold here how Love made sport with a poor Lover, and how many ridiculous parts he made him play. At last he was aware of a Rope that hung down, and was fastned as he thought above to the wall: for the night was so dark, that it was no wonder if he took notice of it by meer chance only, and it must also be very near at hand, or otherwise he could not have seen it at all. This was the Ladder

der of Ropes, which the Slave had either perhaps forgot to pull up to her after *Albiron* was enter'd in at the window; or that possibly she had left there on purpose, that in case of suddain need it might be ready for him, to go down by, and to make his escape. However it was, *Don Pedro* presently guesst to what end it hung there, and as soon made use of it to get up by, which though he did not perform so nimbly as *Albiron*, yet he did it well enough to get into the window, from whence with a trembling pace he crept directly to *Isabella's* Chamber, for there was no other stairs nor other way to go, but only that. He found her laid upon her Bed half a sleep, and who wak'd not at the noise he made in entering into the Room, because in truth he made none at all, excepting that of some sighs that escap'd from him, when he was come so near as almost to kiss her, and that rousing her from her slumber made *Isabella* give that suddain skreek, who presently coming to her self, said softly to him, is it you *Don Pedro*, or do I yet dream, as I did to night before, that I was met thought in your arms? To this *Don Pedro*

*dro* return'd her no answer, but embraced her much more amorously than before, when *Isabella* (who was afraid that the noise she had made might have frightened the *Sultaneſs*,) prayd him to forbear a little, fearing all would be spoil'd should she come to know what *Don Pedro* had done, and should see him with her, and so ran speedily to her Mistress to set her heart at rest from the fear she might have put her into; which having done as you have heard, she return'd back to her Lover, whom she wholly satisfied, and swept his fancy clean from all the naughty impressions he had entertain'd of her Love and fidelity, which she had preserv'd inviolate to him, even after she concluded him to be dead. They then talkt, and consulted together a long time about the means they were to take to put themselves into liberty; but they saw no kind of possibility in it, unless *Albinond* could be won seriously and faithfully to assist them.

After two or three hours entertainment with her Lover, *Isabella* thought it necessary that he should first depart and wait for *Albinond* below in the Garden,

den, who also seeing the night far spent, told the *Sultaneſs* it was by no means either convenient or ſafe for him to ſtay till day, and therefore now took his leave of her with a promiſe to come again, and paſs with her the night following after the ſame manner. Upon theſe conditions ſhe gave him leave to go; but not untill ſhe had firſt given him a thouſand kiſſes, and preſented him with ſeveral knacks of great value. *Iſabella* went with him to the window, where ſhe told him in his ear, that he would find *Don Pedro* below in the Garden; but that he muſt not wonder at it, for ſhe would hereafter acquaint him with the occaſion of his being there, and in the mean time begg'd he would pardon him, if not for his own ſake, yet for hers, who was ſo much a ſervant of his. *Albirond* could not but very much wonder at this news, and did ſo little underſtand the meaning of it, that he would not have gone down, till firſt *Iſabella* had given him greater light into the buſineſs, if ſhe had not again aſſur'd him that *Don Pedro* would tell him more, and that it would be too long a ſtory for her to tell him then. *Albirond* upon  
this

this went down, and was no sooner come to ground, but he was accosted by *Don Pedro*, who with a Congee down to the ground askt his pardon for the effects of a cruel jealousy, which he told him he would rather pitty than be offended withal if he had himself ever been passionately in love. *Albiro*nd caught him in his arms, and after having return'd him some Complements in exchange of freindship, heard him relate the whole story of this adventure, in so passionate terms, as himself was sensibly toucht with the sence of his sufferings. All the danger that he found in it was, what they would think at the *Fondou* (which is the prison for the slaves at Tunis) when they should miss *Alphonso* at the shutting of them in, and the danger wherein he had engag'd himself in going out of the City at the hour that he adventur'd to do it, and without leave. Notwithstanding fortune (that sometimes favours Lovers) had so well dispos'd all things in his favour, that the master of the slaves, having been at *Albiro*nd's lodging to enquire for *Alphonso*, was there told, that in truth he had been there to ask for *Albiro*nd,  
and

and was doubtless gone a long with him; an answer wherewith the *Turk* rested so well satisfied, that he made no further enquiry after him, nor penetrated no further into that affair. In the mean time *Albiond* who saw it was no good staying for him in the Garden with *Alphonso*, (or *Don pedro* whether you please) and that it was fit for them to shift thence before the day should break, demanded of him which way he should get in; whereupon *Don pedro* leading him to the place, they both of them got over to the other side of the wall, and took into the wood, where they past away the short remainder of the Night. So soon as it was broad day they return'd to the Garden, where *Albiond* calling to him one of the Soldiers of the Guard, he bad him conduct *Alphonso* to the work, and in his name to excuse him to his Master, he having for that night employ'd him in some affairs of his. This being done, he took up his way directly to the City, where being come he went to take a little rest upon his Bed, which without question he stood in very great need of, for the exercise he had been at, had been something

thing violent; and moreover he was to make himself ready the night following to return to the assault.

In all the long consultation he had had with *Don pedro* they could not resolve after what manner they were to proceed, to Deliver *Isabella* out of captivity; for *Don pedro* was of opinion that they must steal her away, and carry her out of the window, without so much as at all acquainting the *Sultaneſs* with the design; but *Albiond* could not consent to play so unhandſome a part to the prejudice of a person that he lov'd and by whom he was passionately belov'd again, saying moreover, that it would be a most vile ingratitude in him, could he have the heart to run away from her without taking his leave, after so many favours receiv'd, and that it was much better to proceed by fair and handſome wayes, which if they should not take effect, it would still be time enough to proceed to extremities, after all other more moderate wayes had faild. After this manner did *Albiond* argue the business, but *Don pedro* could by no means relish this course, and could hope for no good issue from  
this

this way of proceeding, fearing to loose all by endeavoring to save all, as he had often seen it fall out in such affairs. After what manner soever *Isabella* was deliver'd, provided she was at liberty, it was all one to him; nevertheless it vext him, that he should be come from *Corsica* (to which shoar he had escapt by swimming) on purpose to this place; that he had caus'd himself to be sold to the *Beglerbeg* by a *Tagarin* (which is a sort of Religion amongst the *Mahometans*) and that after all this, when he was upon the point to execute so brave an enterprise, he must hazard the spoiling all for little niceties of honor which he conceiv'd they were not oblig'd so religiously to observe with people of so naughty a Religion. *Don pedro* argued like an interested Lover, and *Albion* like a well principled man, and a Cavalier of honor, who would at once both serve his friend, and observe the decorum of honorable proceeding.

Hee did nothing all that day but sleep, and in that one took enough for two, or three to come. The hour was now come, that he was to go to the Garden, he would else be to late. He went thither

thither then, and so soon as ever the night was shut-in, *Isabella* made a little noise at the window, and understanding by a Counterfig that *Albiond* was there ready, she let the Ladder down to him, which she afterwards pull'd in again, for fear least some other might do as *Don Pedro* had done the night before. So soon as ever *Albiond* was enter'd in, he would without any more ceremony have run with his ordinary impatience to the *Sultaneſs* Chamber; but the Slave advis'd him to have a little patience, and to go leisurely to work, for that the *Sultaneſs* she said was asleep. During this little delay they had leisure to confer together in the outer room, where *Albiond* gave her an account of all that had been debated, betwixt *Don Pedro* and him concerning her deliverance from captivity; but that he was by no means of opinion she should depart without the *Sultaneſs* her leave and consent; or at least without having first tasted her inclination as to that particular, and as for his part he must needs confess, he could not find in his heart to separate himself from her after so treacherous a manner,

manner, as not to bid her farewell. You are then far enough (replied *Isabella*) from departing this Country. Not so far neither (replied *Albiond*) for when the *French* vessel (which by the favor of the *Beglerbeg* I have caus'd the Pirates to restore, as not fair prize, since the treaty of peace) shall be made ready to put to Sea, I will embark my self in her; and I think they are in so good forwardness, that in two dayes they will only stay for me. You are not so near going away as you think, I do assure you (replied the Slave) or at least the *Sultana's* suspects no such matter; for that you may know all, as I was but even now talking with her about you, and that she was according to her passion, multiplying the pleasures she had in having so captivated your heart, she said, that for her love you were capable of undertaking all things, since you had so often despis'd your own life to come unto her. I then inquisitively demanded of her, if she thought those pleasures were likely to continue, and whether besides the danger there was of your being surpriz'd at one time or another, she did not fear in the end

to see herself reduc'd to a necessity of parting with you for ever. To which she made answer, that as to the matter of surprizes, she would proceed with so great care and discretion, that she hop'd that would never come to pass; and that as to the rest she could not believe that so long as she had your heart, which she made no doubt but to keep, you could ever have the power to leave her. That as to this particular, she had set down a resolution to pass with you the remainder of her dayes. That the *Beglerbeg* could not live always, and when he should dye, that she should have power enough over you to make you change your Religion, and to marry her. All these things that *Isabella* told him, put *Albirond* into a little Quandary; but nevertheless he did not much concern himself at it, and it did by no means make him alter his opinion, that he ought not to be ingrateful to the extream affection this beautiful person had for him.

Just as they were upon this point, the *Sultanes* call'd *Isabella*, who immediately ran in to her to receive her commands, and to let her know that *Albi-*

## The fair One of Tunis.

*Albirond* was just come, who also enter'd with her, where he found his Mistress with a rosy complexion which she had got with some hours of repose, and that presented her to the eyes of her Lover much fairer than ever he had seen her before, at least he fancied her to be so, and drawing nearer began to complement her upon that subject, telling her, that Sleep had given her a new luster. If I owe any thing to sleep (replied the beautiful *Sultaneſs* taking him by the hand) it is for the pleasant dreams it has made me to dream, in the little time I have been sleeping, for methought that you and I were together in a rich and stately Pallace, where we walkt at liberty without fear of spies, and of which methought you were the Master: Would to Heaven *Albirond* that this Dream might prove true, as for my part I do not think it impossible but it may; but what think you? I have no great faith in Dreams *Madam* (replied *Albirond* with a most profound sigh) but if I were to wish for any thing upon earth, that should be it, which to my great misfortune I know to be infinitely above my hopes. Let me

me once more tell you *Albiond* (said she) that there is no impossibility in it, and if you love me as you should do, you ought to hope it will come to pass, as well as I. *Albiond* who by what *Isabella* had told him before, saw very well what the *Sultaneſs* was aiming at in this discourse, was put to a little *non-plus*, however he would not let her go without an answer. If I love you! *Madam* (said he) it does a little surprize me that you should so much as doubt it, at the same time when you see me run into the jaws of death only for your love: but you must pardon me if I do not understand what reason you can have to call for a testimony of my passion upon the vain hopes of a Dream, wherein I see no appearance; nor so much as similitude of truth. I can easily mend that matter (replied the *Sultaneſs*) for I have treasure enough both for you and me, and since Heaven has so united our hearts, it may also one day unite our Souls by a stronger tie, so that there may be no difference betwixt us, and I may live with you with the same freedom that I now do with the *Beglerbeg* my Husband. If therefore it be true

that you love me above your life, you ought to send up your vows to Heaven, that it may place you in that condition, and not to destroy your own fortune by despair; for I shall no longer live content, than I can hope it will be so: I here see my fair *Sultaneſſe* (ſaid *Albiſſond*) that the paſſion you have for me is extreme, ſince it eclipses your judgement in my favor: for though my fortune ſhould be ſuch as to advance me to that degree of honor you are pleaſed to ſpeak off, do you not conſider (*Madam*) that you and I are of different Religion, and that ſuch marriages are not here allow'd after my way? When there ſhall be no more but the point of Religion in the caſe (replyed the *Sultaneſſe*) there will not be much difficulty left to overcome. What! would you make ſuch a ſcruple to change your Religion for me? This propoſition did not ſo much ſurprize *Albiſſond*, by reaſon he was prepar'd for it before; but nevertheleſs he found himſelf very much mov'd at the roundneſs of the queſtion, which made him ſay to the *Sultaneſſe* a little more gravely than before. Do you believe *Madam* (ſaid he) that I am a man to re-  
nounce

nounce my Religion for any worldly consideration whatever? Have you so mean an opinion of your servant? Ah (*Madam*) assure your self I might well falsifie my Faith even to you, if I could fail in it to the God that I adore.--Well (*said the Sultaneſs* interrupting him coldly) you shall not falsify your Faith, you have done too much for me already, and the first fair Wind you will return home to your own Country, without once considering that you leave me here all alone abandoned to all the torments and miseries, that a tender heart can suffer in the loss of the person it most dearly loves, and that I shall never more behold so long as I live. Which so soon as she had sayd, she drew out her handkerchief to hide an infinity of tears that trickled from her fair eyes, and which she was not unwilling *Albiond* should take notice of, as knowing very well that there are few things, which the tears of a beautiful person, and especially of a person that one loves have not power to perswade. And indeed these pretious drops did accordingly smething stagger the resolution of our *cavalier*, but not to that degree as to o-

vercome him; for the first motions of pitty being a little over, his Religion immediately after got the upper hand, Manger the power of Love, of all other considerations, and which was more of his own violent affection. He did the best he could to refrain from such testimonies of weakness, and to try to console this charming sad one with something of solid sence. We ought to have assur'd our selves (my dear *Sultanes* said he) from the beginning of our engagement, that we could not continue together all our lives, that our fortunes were such as would one day oblige us to separate, if but to avoid so cruel a parting as that of Death. I will defer my departure so long as possibly I can, and if four, five or six dayes are not enough, I will make them ten or twelve, wherein to assure you a thousand times, that in what part of the world soever I shall be I shall eternally burn for you with the same ardor, that I at this instant do, and that I will never——Ah cruel! (said she interrupting him, and weeping with greater violence than before) thou wilt then go, and thou hast the heart to tell me so. Traitor, thou lov'st me not, and

am the most miserable Woman in the World, in that I cannot wean my heart from thy ingrateful Love. Alas, what offence had I committed against Heaven the first day I saw thy face, and why didst thou come into this Country, if not to my ruine? But my dear *Sultaneſs* (replied *Albiond*) what would you have me do? No, no (said she) depart so soon as thou wilt; but know that it shall not be without me, and that I will follow thee where-ever thou goest like thy shadow, and even into Hell if there can be any thing there more cruel than thy unkindness, and the torments that unkindness makes me feel. Speak, wilt thou refuse me? *Albiond* was more interdict than ever to see this desperate resolution of hers, he already repented him, that he had not taken *Don Pedro's* and *Isabella's* counsel, and he had such a perplexity in his soul, as begot an incredible disorder in his passions, which sided with his heart against his Reason. At last the more honest and the more generous consideration carrying it above his own particular interest. You have overcome *Madam* (said he) I can no longer resist, I am yours. How (said she clearing up a  
little)

little) thou consentest that I shall go with thee, and that I shall have the satisfaction to be no more separated from thee, whereever thou goest? Not so my fair *Sultaneſs* (replied *Albiond* again) but that I will stay here with you, which I swear to you I will do, but upon this condition nevertheless, that you will no more tempt me in point of Religion; for there is no kind of death that I will not rather choose, than to alter that. Alas (said the *Sultaneſs* again) I do not ask so much of thee, pursue thy former design; but for pitty sake permit that I bear thee company, deny me not this grace (my dear *Albiond*) for that Deities sake thou dost so much adore; I will take enough with me to make thy fortune, and *Isabella* shall also go along with us.

The fair Slave who from the time her Mistress had begun to weep was return'd into the Chamber, vvas raviſht with joy to hear her talk after this manner, and to see her resolv'd to this course, vvhich finding so much to her own advantage, she joyn'd with her against *Albiond* to perswade him to consent it should be so; for more than one half of the concern vvas her own proper

perinterest; but *Albiond* vvas not so easily to be overcome. In the name of goodness (said he to them seeing himself thus assaulted on either side) imagine your selves in my place, and consider what a business it would be in me, after so many obligations as I have to the *Beglerbeg*, after the friendship he has shewn me, and the favour I have dayly receiv'd at his hands, should I in return of all his kindness run away with his wife. What would become of my honor, what a Cloud would overcast my glory after so black an action? Is not what I have already done enough, or rather what Love hath made me do, in betraying his friendship and abusing his bed; but after having rob'd him of some part of his treasure, I must deprive him of the whole stock! (sayd he straining his voice with greater vehemency) I cannot be infamous to that degree. Thou wilt be then my death, barbarous Frenchman (sayd the *Sultaneſs* with a resolute ayr) and I must satisfy thee before thou goest from the place; at which she start up on a suddain, and ran to a poygourd that hung at the Beds head, which as suddainly snatching out, before *Ifabella* who

who was meeting in tears could prevent her, and setting the point to her breast, speak, speak (continued she) choose which thou dost better like, or that I follow thee, or Death; for my soul at least thou canst not hinder from following thee. The glittering of the steel, and the resolute action wherewith the *Sultaneſs* spoke these words quite disarm'd *Albiond* of his resolution, who was in such a condition with the surprize, that he was ready to fall down in a swoond at his Mistrisse feet. Ah Madam (sayd he in a languished tone) you know very well how to make use of the power Love has given you over mee, to overcome the little vertue I had left. I see I must sacrifice the remainder to you, and treading under foot all the dayes of my life, permit you to follow the fortune of a man, who was never so unhappy as now that good fortune seems the most to favour and exalt him. Become security to me for your self (sayd the *Sultaneſs* delivering the poygnard to *Ifabella*) that you will never forsake me, and I fear not your Fortune, let it be as dangerous as it can; I shall carry that along with me, wherewith to sweeten that where-

whereof you so much complain. For my part (sayd *Albiron* to her again, since nothing of all that I have been able to say, has had the power to divert you from your resolution, I here swear to you a fidelity such a one as never was, nor ever shall be equall'd by any, and a love that nothing but Death shall ever have the power to destroy.

After this they fell to talking of something else, and to examining the speediest, and most secure means, by which they might make an enterprize of this importance to succeed. *Albiron* had already a vessel prepar'd for the purpose, which was as good as his own; for it was he that redeem'd all the *Mariners* from the Oare, and who had ecquipt her with all things necessary at his own charge. Nothing then remained but how to contrive to help the *Sultanes*, and *Isabella* down from that high window; *Albiron*'s Ladder of Ropes was not sufficient for women, who are not always so active as men, but this was soon thought on. *Albiron*, and *Isabella* were of opinion to make no mention as yet of *Don Pedro*, and the *Sultanes* who had eaten nothing of all day, had a  
mind

mind to take a little repast after so generous a resolution, of which they already by way of advance tasted the delights. To which purpose *Isabella* presently went, and fetcht some sweetnels, and some Wine for *Albiond* who bore his Mistris company at this little Collation:

*E Poi che di confetti & di buon vino  
Di nuovo fatti pur debiti inviti  
Entrarono ne profumati lini.*

Or if you will that I explain my self better, after these two Lovers had eaten sweet-meats their fill, and drunk to one another more than once, they were willing to taste something more sweet, in those ravishing pleasures to drown the trouble they had put one another into. Sweet-meats are no ill diet for this purpose, nay I have heard it said, that one has more pleasure in kissing a mouth after it has had another sweet added to its own natural sweetness. *Albiond* did his business very well for a man of his sincere vertue, and the *Sultanes* in this ardor of hers would have dried up many more tears than she had shed: she often reproach'd him in the middle of this amorous conflict, that he did not love her,

her, since he dar'd to think of leaving her, and that he had made so many difficulties of taking her along with him, and *Albiond* still excus'd himself with his former reasons, which he said had been but too rational and convincing, had he not been in Love. I, but does it become love (said she) to be so rational, as to seek for reasons to abandon all? Ah you vex me to the heart (continued she) when you went about to perswade me to it.

The nights are very short in these occasions, and time insensibly steals away, which *Albiond* was nevertheless aware of; and for fear the day should surprize him in that place, he took his leave of the *Sultaneſs* to go take order for all things, and to take his measures so right, that when they should once be upon the execution of their design, nothing might be wanting that might endanger all the rest. *Isabella* often desir'd him to remember that diligence was the parent of success, that the sooner they put their enterprize in act, it was the more likely to succeed, and that delays are alwaies fatal in dangerous designs.

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## The fair One of Tunis.

He slept not of all that day, but was perpetually running up and down from place to place in order to his business. He first went, and talkt with the Pilot of his ship, who promis'd him the next day to be ready to depart, whereupon he accordingly order'd the rest of his affairs, as they ought to be. He caus'd good store of all sorts of provision necessary for the voyage to be carried aboard; he took leave of all his friends, and particularly of the *Beglerbeg*, who made him stay dinner. In earnest I have often wonder'd at *Albiromd's* confidence, who durst any more eat with a man after he had put on a resolution to betray him: for this *Cavalier* wanted no honesty, but all things are to be pardon'd in Love; who has power to make men do any thing of what kind soever. In the evening he went to the Garden, where he talkt two howrs together with *Don pedro*, who was raviht with joy at the good newes, and with whom after he had concluded of what they were to do, he sent him again to his work amongst the other Slaves; and crept into the old place where he had conceald himself the times before, till the approaching night should call

call him out to his business. Soon after the time came that he was to steal out of his hole, which he accordingly did, and went to the *Seraglio*, where *Isabella* was already waiting for him at the window, for she now began to be more impatient of seeing him than before, and died of longing to hear what news, and how their affairs went on. The sign was immediately given on both sides, the Ladder immediately let down, and *Albion* quickly at the top, where he completed the joy of these two fair Lovers, by telling them at the very first dash, that all was ready, and that therefore they had no more to do but to prepare themselves against the following night, when he would come with two horses to fetch them, and to carry them to the Port. It is not to be exprest how infinitely overjoy'd they were at this good tydings, what caresses they gave him, and how extraordinary kind they were to him, especially *Isabella* who was ready to leap out of her skin for joy: and in earnest it is true, that people escape very willingly out of servitude to go meet a Lover, which although it be but to quit one slavery for another,

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yet

yet the fetters of the last are as easy, and pleasant to every one, as the other are rude and intollerable. There was then that night great joy and junketting in the *Sultaness* Chamber; but one often relishes joy with a very great Gusto, of which they soon after repent, and perhaps fall heavier, when they have first appear'd in the livery of good fortune. *Albion* past away the remainder of the night with his Mistress, where you may be certain he was not altogether idle, and an hour before day departed to give the last blow to their design.

How heavy do these kind of enterprizes lye upon the conscience of an honest man, who has never been accustomed to do any thing without first weighing the action in the ballance of justice and honor! All the remaining part of that day his soul was oppress'd with melancholly, and with so great a number of untoward presages, that death would at that time have been a welcome remedy; but he was gone too far to retreat. The *Beglerbeg* was this day gone a hunting, and the Slaves had no more work to do in the Garden, and he had *Don Pedro* in his own power, whom  
he

he had sent for to that purpose: in fine all things seem'd to favor his enterprize; and yet his heart could not be at rest; he had strange boardings in his Soul, and his conscience already reproacht him with his treachery to the *Beglerbeg* his friend. But a man must go through with what he has once begun, and necessity must silence all these secret murmurings of honesty and reason. He sent for a final Order to give notice to the Pilot to be ready to set sayl that very night, and that he should send out the long Boat to wait at the place he knew of; so that there now remain'd no more to be done, but only to get their two fair Mistresses out of the *Scraglio*, which also had been a matter of no great difficulty, had they been as much in fee with Fortune, as they were with Love.

*Albrand* had four very fine Horses that he had bought, and which he kept without the City, whither he went with *Alphonso* to see and to put them into a condition for present service; which having accordingly done, he sent his people before to attend him at the Port, where making shew as if he follow'd after, he turn'd off by degrees, and made

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towards

towards the *Scraglio*; where just as the night was shut-in, he arriv'd. He made *Don Pedro* with two empty Horses to stay in a wood there was about two hundred paces distant from the Garden where he himself alighted, and went to climb the wall, to which purpose he had the day before provided a Ladder of wood wherewith to serve the Ladies. *Isabella* was at watch, and had been above an hour taking the ayr at the window, where she fancied every leaf that fell to be *Albiond*, at the last he came, where she let down the rope, by which he was to get up, and which also was to assist them in going down. There was no talk of ceremony or caresses, all things had been ready at the *Scraglio* from break of day in the morning, and the *Sultaneſs* had no mind to carry any great lumber with her, for fear of being encumber'd with it by the way. That which she had of greatest value lay in little room, and was portable enough, though it contain'd sufficient to purchase a little Kingdom, and that she would entrust with none but *Albiond*. *Isabella* then immediately ran, and fetcht some sheets fast tied together, a machine of

of *Albirond's* invention to help them down with greater ease to their tender hands, and it prov'd useful and strong enough, these being Women that were pretty and light. They again mounted and descended the wall of the Garden with the same facility, and so came all safe to the place where *Don Pedro* was, who immediately threw himself off his horse to embrace his dear Mistress, and to hold her the † Stir-up to get up. *Albirond* did the same for the *Sultaneſs*, when being all seated, and ready to set forward, they all started together, and gallop'd away after so spritely and joyful a manner, that they seem'd to fly. Neither indeed had they any time to loose, for it was above three long leagues from the Garden to the port of the Gullet to which place they were to go, and were also thereto arrive some hours before day, both for fear of being discovered by the Block-house, as also that they might set sail before the search which the *Turks* are accustomed to make in all *Christian* Vessels that are going out of the Harbor. But to what serve so many precautions when one has not fortune on

† By  
which you  
may note  
that the  
Ladies  
rode a-  
stride.

nes side ! we are apt to stumble at a straw, and 'tis to much purpose to dispose all things to hook her in, when by a strange Capricio, she will in a moment overthrow and destroy all that has with a thousand cares and cautions been many dayes preparing.

This amorous Troop had not rid above a quarter of an hour, but that for all the noise their own Horses made in galloping with the speed they did, they heard another a greater, and which raised a great deal more dust. Whereupon *Albiond* gave the word to make a little halt, to hearken from whence it should come, and what the noise should be ; but it was not hard for him, or any of the Company to guess, and a little with the latest, that they were Horses, and a great many Horses too, for they were hard at hand, and coming as they perceiv'd by the voices, and the trampling of the horses the very same way, and upon the same rode that they were going. *Albiond* made no doubt but it was the *Beglerbeg*, and though it had been said that he was not to return from hunting of three or four dayes, nevertheless he could not imagine that any

ny other than he should come that way and so well accompanied. They were here to take a speedy resolution, and his opinion was that the safest way would be to slip into the wood to let them pass by; but the further they went that way, the more they heard the Horses coming upon them, for it was on that side that they had hunted, and that in truth the *Beglerbeg* was returning home. They then began to think of turning quite back again, which they had done better to have thought on at the first, by reason that the habits of the two fair Ladies, especially that of the *Sultaneſs*, so sparkled in despite of the nights obscurity, as by their lustre attracted the *Beglerbegs* Cavaliers, who spurr'd after them full speed. *Albirond* seeing no more remedy for their disaster, and that the match was too unequal to be able to resist so great a number, as that of those who pursued them; he told the Company in short, that there was no more hope, and that every one was to shift for themselves, that whoever could escape the present danger, should find a shallop within two hundred paces of the Gullet that waited

ted to carry them aboard the Ship; where if it should be his hap the first to arrive he would not stir from thence till the last necessity. He said no more but spur'd away with much greater speed than before, all the way encouraging the *Sultaneſs*, to whom he kept as close as possible he could. *Don Pedro* and *Isabella* in a moment were vanish out of sight, and in the end they were all so squander'd in the thick of the wood, that they met no more, till they met in another place.

*Albion* who was acquainted with almost all the windings of the wood as having often been a hunting there, soon found the way out, and after was not long before he arriv'd at the water side. He found the long-boat at the appointed place which there waited for him, but would not step into it, till it should be day to see if he could heare any newes of the rest. He sent out two, or three of the Mariners to see if they could spy any one comming, but in vain, for they brought him back no news at all; but not long after came first *Isabella* full speed, and within a quarter of an hour after *Don Pedro* running on foot:

*Isabella*

*Isabella* with her face all scratcht, and her Cloaths torn with the wood and *Don Pedro* all bloody with two great cuts in his head, and a pistol shot quite through his left arme: who seeing no one pursue them fell to enquiring of *Albion* for the *Sultanes*; and what was become of her. I know not (sayd he weeping) alas to my eternal shame, I know not what is become of that beautiful person, but I very well know my self to be the most wretched of men. Oh Heavens (continued he) what offence have I committed against you, that you should at once pour all your vengeance upon me? What fault have I committed that Love did not compell me to? Why did you give me eyes to see, understanding to distinguish, and a heart to love, if for adoring the most adorable creature in the world I must be thus severely punished? Or why did not all your indignation fall upon my accursed head, who was the cause of all, but that the sweetest, the truest, and the best Mistress that ever man had must perish for my sake, whilst I survive like a Coward, a Traytor, and a Beast, to run a way from the Destiny, that she too Certain has already under-

undergone, or must immediately undergo, for the vilest, and the basest Villane upon Earth. Oh Heavens——and with that he sunk down to the ground in a swoon, without any signs of life. *Don Pedro* and *Isabella*, who were upon thorns to be gone, were very much troubled at this disaster: but *Albion* presently coming to himself, they fell to comforting him, perswading him to hope for better things, or at least to preserve himself and them by hastning speedily away, since there was no other course now to be taken. They represented to him the danger of staying any longer there, which would infallibly be the ruine of them all, if he did not presently take hold of the opportunity fortune now offer'd him of making his escape. To which *Isabella* added that without all doubt the *Sultanesse* was well, it being unlikely that any one should dare to offer any violence to her, since even when she had been surrounded with them in the heat of their pursuit, and moreover provokt by some wounds *Don Pedro* had dealt among them, they had yet forbore to hurt her out of respect to her Sex: that the *Sultanesse*, she believ'd, was certainly  
taken

taken, which she was infinitely sorry for; but that it could not be remedied, and she only lamented her for the sorrow she would sustain in being separated from him whom she lov'd above the world; for as to the rest, the *Beglerbeg* was so passionately fond of her, that in a little time all would be forgiven, and she would be in the same condition that before. But *Albiroind* more afflicted with these consolations, in which besides that he saw no apparence of her safety, he was however confirm'd that she was for ever lost to him, and either of those thoughts were sufficient to precipitate him into despair. No, no (sayd he) she is lost, for ever lost, and if alive more unhappy than if she were dead; and I, accursed I, am cause of all. Go make use of the oportunity you have to escape, and may you be happy in your Loves: but for me, who have violated the Laws of hospitality, the gratitude of a man, and the common faith of men, and therein lost my Love, my honor, and the peace of my whole life, I will here remain, and sacrifice a wretched life to her memory, who has already sacrific'd hers to my unhappy love. Go then, and prosper, and  
leave

leave me to my Fate, and all the friendship I begg at your hands, is, that you will no more remember there was ever so unfortunate a person as *Albiron*, which is the greatest favour you can do me, and the only dying request I have to make. *Don Pedro* was a little startled at this resolution of his; as he saw it would be absolutely ruinous to them all: yet could he not in his own judgment but approve his generosity; and allow him to have all the reason in the world to do as he did; seeing that in such a case a man of honor ought not to out-live his Mistress: he could however have wisht his venture had been single, not altogether upon his own account, but out of the tender regard he had to *Isabella*, whose affection would make her as great a looser as any of the rest, and who he thought could never survive it. However his love gave place to honor upon this occasion, and his noble heart disdaining to abandon a *Cavalier* embark'd with him in the same design, and by whose means alone they had thus far succeeded in their enterprize, at the  
last

last gasp of his fortune, he return'd him this answer. *Albiond*, I am sorry for your own sake to see you thus desperately resolv'd; but assure your self I am not a man to forsake you in this last of extreams; but will share with you in life and death; and turning to *Isabella*, My dearest Soul (sayd he) I must now take my leave of you for ever: Honor, and my Destiny will have it so: we have done enough (if it be done) in preserving you, and I have no great reason to complain of Fortune, since we save the best of our venture; My death will doubtless reconcile you to your Father, and the news you will carry him thereof will seal your own pardon. I could have been glad to have liv'd with you a long, and I know it would have been a happy life; but since I cannot live with honor, after having basely abandoned my friend in his last necessity, I should afterwards be so unfit for you, that it would not become you to love me; but now that I dye like a man of honor you may love my memory, which I hope you will, and ever remember——No,

no (said *Isabella* interrupting him, and weeping, as good reason she had) Don *Pedro* I will never outlive you, and since you have the heart to leave me, for whom, you made me believe, at least, you only liv'd, to dye out of Complement only to a desperate *Cavalier*, my resolution shall be as great as your generosity, and I dare dye with you, although you will not live with me. To this point were they come every one of them, considering what they had next to say, when on a suddain they heard a noise of Horses, which thundring amain towards the place where they were, made them conclude that the pursuers were at hand, and consequently to prepare for their defence.

*Albiond* besides his sword, had a case of pistols which he had secretly carried under his Caslock for the worst of adventures, and in case of any opposition, which though where ever he should happen to meet it whilst he was on shoar, he knew would be fatal to him: Yet that he might dy like a brave Cavalier, and carry some of his enemies

mies a long with him, he had discreetly made that provision. *Don Pedro* had a sword only, which *Albiond* had likewise furnisht him withal, and now delivering one of his pistols to him; Let us dye *Don Pedro*, sayd he, let us dye bravely, and sell our lives to these *Barbarians* so dear, that they may be ashamed of the purchase, which having said they were mounted in a trice, *Don Pedro* upon *Isabella's* Horse, and *Albiond* upon his own, and stayd expecting the approach of the Enemy, which by this time were come so near, that they discover'd the foremost to be the fair *Sultanss* with five or six *Turkish Cavaliers* pursuing at her heels; she was quickly with, and as soon past them, but the pursuers being four or five Horse-length behind, our two *Cavaliers* had time to interpose, and so that at the very first encounter the two foremost, with the two pistol-shot were layd dead upon the ground. By this the match seem'd to be pretty equal, two more only appearing near at hand and a third spurring at pretty distance; but a fourth also immediately appearing

ring in the heels of the other, they thought it was time to make haste with these; that they might not have the disadvantage of having them all four upon them at once: they advanc'd therefore to meet them, which as they were doing, *Albiond* at a little distance receiv'd one of their Javelins in his thigh, which though it took but about two fingers thickness of the flesh, yet piercing quite through, nail'd him as it were fast to his saddle: the other fail'd of its effect upon *Don Pedro*, and only wounded his Horse; so that they still went on to make good the charge, where being joyn'd horse-head to head the fell to the sword, and a while disputed it with equal bravery. *Don Pedro* had forgot his wounds, and *Albiond* had no leisure to take notice of his, so that fresh and full of vigor they assaulted their adversaries, notwithstanding the disadvantage of wounds, and loss of blood, with so resolute a courage, as sufficiently denoted, they would overcome, or dye. In this posture was the combat when the two last came up to the place, who seeing *Don Pedro* all bloody, and the Javeline stick-  
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king in *Albion's* thigh, and at the same time the two Ladies who were now got together, and standing by at the distance of some few paces, they either thought their Comrades so secure of the victory, or else had themselves so much a greater liking to the prey, that they past by the Combatants, and went to seize upon the *Sultaneſs* and *Iſabella*, who it is to be presum'd were likely to make very little resistance, and must have been their immediate prey, had not the *Mariners* played the Men, as well as the two *Cavaliers*, who seeing the case alike desperate for them all, betook them to their Oars, and such other weapons as they had at hand, and therewith so belabour'd the two *Turks* that they soon laid them dead at their feet.

In the mean time the *Monsieur*, and the *Don* had so handled their adversaries, having vvounded them in several places, without having receiv'd any other damage from them, than vvhat you have already heard, that they now evidently saw they had the advantage of the Combat, and had there been no more enemies to be

fear'd, should have accounted it a certain Game: but remembring that in the condition they then were, to be long in overcoming was in effect to be overcome; and expecting every moment when more of the pursuers should come up, to deprive them at once of their victory, and of their lives, and which was dearer to them than all, of their dearest Mistrisses, they fought with unimaginaire ardor to put an end to the dispute, which lasted but too long for their common safety. And it was not long before *Albiond's* adversary gave him a notable opportunity to do his business; for the *Turk* thinking at every blow to cleave him in two, made a furious blow at his head, which *Albiond* made so good shift to avoid, that it only fell upon his shoulder, and there gave him but a slight wound, the force of the blow being broken before, whilst in the mean time he run the *Turk* quite through the body, who there-upon fell like a Tower stone dead under the Horses feet. This hapned just at the time when *Don Pedro's* Horse sunk down under him of his wound,  
an

an accident that would have been as fatal to him, had not *Albirona* came in seasonably to his relief, who finding the *Turk* with his Cimitar advanc'd in the Air ready to discharge a mortal blow upon *Don Pedro* (who nevertheless having disengag'd himself from his Horse stood bravely in his defence) strook him such a blow upon the vvrift, that his Sword meeting vwith the joynt, hand and Cimitar drop'd down over his Horses ears, at the same instant that *Don Pedro* ran him quite through the belly, of vvhich two vvounds he also fell dead to the Earth.

They did not stay long (you may suppose) to congratulate one another vvith their victory, nor to insist upon commendations of one anothers valor, vvvhich upon other occasions men very hardly forbear to do; but running to the Ladies vvithout any more ceremony, than the drawing the Javelin out of *Albirona's* thigh, or almost a vvord speaking, they got them into the Shallop, and row'd away to the Ship, vvvhich so soon as ever they vvvere aboard, they presently cut the

V 2 Cable,

Cable, not staying to weigh Anchor, hoisted sayl, and in a trice were got out to Sea: it no less importing the *Sea-men* than the *Cavaliers* to shift for their lives, vvhose condition in being taken again had been much worse than before, or upon any other account, they having now engaged themselves (though they well understood it not at first) in a voluntary and unpardonable offence, vvhereas before they had nothing but their Christianity to be objected against them.

The day now began to break, and a brisk Gale of wind stiffened upon them from the shoar, which if it should but a few hours continue would soon carry them out of sight of Land, and out of the danger of pursuit, which also they did not much apprehend, there being never a Ship (which was a happy juncture for them) ready in the harbor: but the Ladies were so fearful of being taken, that the *Cavaliers* had enough to do to comfort and assure them, and yet they carried their fears so well, that it did not hinder them from caressing their Servants  
after

after a very tender and affectionate manner, and from taking care of their wounds, which were none of them of very great danger, but nevertheless such as oblig'd *Albiond* to halt a little before the best friend he had, and *Don Pedro* to carry his arm in a sling. Several Complements past betwixt them, and a great many fine things were sayd, both on the one side and the other; after which falling to enquire of one anothers adventures, *Isabella* as being the first after *Albiond* that came in to the *Rendez-vous*, told them, that *Don Pedro* and she being environed with a great number of *Turkish Cavaliers* in the wood, her Lover had so layd about him, that the *Turks* neglecting her in the heat of the fight, gave her opportunity to get unobserv'd into the thickest part of the wood where she verily thought she should have been torn to pieces with the thorns and brambles; but that at last Fortune guided her out, and so she made full-drive to the shoar, giving *Don Pedro* for absolutely lost. And so I was very likely to have been (said *Don Pedro*) but that desperately ru-

thing into the thickest of them. I bore one of them horse and man to the ground, and got into the thick of the wood, where I forsook my horse, and favour'd by the night conceal'd my self in a hollow tree, till I heard the pursuers a great way from thence, and then I stole out of my hole, and at last finding my self got clear of the wood, ran in the posture you saw me on foot to the Port. And I (said the *Sultaneſs*) had the ill fortune to be pursued by my Husband himself (as I knew by his voice) with the gross of his Trayn, who being himself the formost of the Troop, was so eager in his pursuit, and in his eagerness took so little heed to his way, that his horse stumbling at the stump of a Tree came over and over with so terrible a fall, as I verily believe has broke his neck; so that the most of the *Cavaliers* alighting to take him up, I was only pursued by those few you saw, and have so roughly handled, and so came in after the manner your selves know better than I, who was in such a fright that I scarce knew what I did.

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They were taken up with these, and the like discourses till the Sun being got about an howr high, they conceiv'd it was necessary for the Ladies to take a little repose, which they entreated them to doe, whilst they went out upon the Deck to incite the diligence of the Mariners; which they also did, though that was no very necessary care, their own fears adding spurrs to their endeavour, with which together with the fair wind they had, and the lightness of the vessel, of her self a good Sayler, they so skird a way before the wind, that by noon they had almost lost sight of the Coast of *Barbary*, and doubted not in a very short time (if the weather prov'd constant, as they believ'd it would,) to recover the Island of *Sardinia* to which (as it was agreed betwixt the two *Cavaliers*) they steer'd their course.

With the Suns going down the Wind slackned upon them, but kept the same Quarter all that night, and the next morning they had another fresh gale with which they made very good way, and now sayl'd on without any

more fear of being pursued, when about noon they discover'd a head of them a sayl, which at distance put them into some fear, least it might be a *Turkish* Pirate, but they soon found their fears to be vain, it being a Galley of *Malta*, who was looking out for those Pirates, and was a brave tall Ship commanded by a *Frenchman*, and a Knight of the Order, who was very famous in those Seas for many brave exploits against those enemies of the Christian Faith.

The Galley was not long before she hal'd them in, a Summons that our *Cavaliers* were very glad to obey, as seeing themselves now totally out of danger, and therefore launching the long-Boat. *Albirond* would himself needs go aboard the Galley, though the *Sultaneſs* was very importunate with him to stay, and to send some other, for as yet the name of Christians (who were now to be her best friends) was terrible to her. So soon as *Albirond* was come aboard the Galley, he presently gave the Captain an account of his escape with another Gentleman, and some Slaves he had deliver'd out of  
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Captivity; at which he seem'd to be very glad, entreteining him with very great curtesey, and making him an offer of any thing in his Ship, himself, or his friends might stand in need of; for which *Albiond* returning him many thanks, and going to salute the other Knights and Gentlemen of the Galley, he was there aware of an old acquaintance, and particular friend of his, who with great joy embracing him, the first Ceremony being over, told him, that his friends in *France*, from whence he was lately come, were in very great pain for his absence, that they had made his Peace with the King, and that he would be a we'-come man into his own Country: but withal whispered in his ear, that his Mistri's *Madam Urania* was lately married to rich President a match her friends had with much importunity perswaded her unto, and which she had at last accepted, out of a belief, by reason of his long absence, that he was certainly dead. Of the first news *Albiond* was exceeding glad, as he had good reason to be, seeing himself by the care,  
and

and good Offices of his friends restored to his Country, and his Princess favor, and was not very sorry for the last, as being now much better provided; neither did he doubt, but with what the *Sultaneſs* brought along with her to purchase such a revenue in *France*, as should settle him and his very well at their ease for ever. Having been for some hour, or more entertain'd aboard the Gallie, he was at last dismiss'd by the Captain, with great demonstration of honor and friendship, and return'd back to his own Vessel, which afterwards pursued her voyage without any other adventure, till within a short time, to their general joy they arrived safe at the Island of *Sardinia*.

So soon as ever they came to an Anchor, *Don Pedro* immediately sent off the shallop, to acquaint the *Vice-Roy* with his coming, who presently sent out Boats to fetch him, himself in the mean time coming down to the shoar to receive him, and all the Artillery of the Town and Haven thundred their wel-come. His Uncle had hear'd the whole story of his troublesome  
affairs

affairs, and of his flight; wherefore so soon as the first Complements to the Ladies were a little over, taking his Nephew aside, he acquainted him, that *Isabella's* Father was lately dead of an Apoplexy; that the *Marquis* was turn'd religious, and that *Isabella's* Brother was shortly to be married to the *Vice-Roy's* Daughter of *Valence* a Lady of very great beauty and vertue, with a portion of thirty thousand Ducats; and now wanted nothing but the good news of his Sisters safety to make him compleatly happy.

Thus after so many dangers; griefs and fears, did joy in torrents come tumbling in upon our fairs Lovers; so that nothing now remain'd to perfect their happiness, but the conversion of the fair *African*, which also was no hard matter to do, and she had not run such and so many hazards to stick at any thing; so that being instructed by the Bishop of the place she was within a few dayes receiv'd into the bosome of the Church, and at the same time solemnly married to *Albirond*.

They

They stay'd two months in this place, in which time *Isabella's* Brother hearing of her fortune, himself came to invite, and to wait upon her home, where he carrest *Don Pedro*, as a man, to whom besides that he was to be his Brother-in-Law he stood obliged for his Life. *Don Pedro* and *Isabella* would also needs have *Albion*, and his fair *Sultanesse* along with him to taste the Enterteinment of *Spain*; an invitation which they as readily accepted, and being first entertein'd, and afterwards dismissed, with great Love and Honor by the *Vice-roy*, the Wind standing fair, they took Shipping, and with a prosperous voyage in a short time arriv'd at *Valence*.

They were no sooner enter'd the Haven, but news being presently carried to the City, the *Vice-roy* himself with all the Nobility, Gentry and the chiefest Citizens of the Town came out to meet them, where as they were received with all imaginable civility and respect, so vvere they entertained vvith all the magnificence

ficence of Triumphs, Feasting, Masques and Playes. The double Nuptials of *Don Ilia*n (for so vvas *Isabella*'s Brother called) with the *Vice-roy*s Daughter, and *Don Pedro* with *Isabella* presently ensued, which also were solemniz'd with all the imaginable Triumph of Feasting, Tilting, running at the Ring, *Iuego des Canes*, and *Iuego des Toros*; in all which *Albiond* would ever be one of the party, and although a stranger to the last, would needs try his Fortune, and therein so signalized his dexterity and valor, as gain'd a singular applause. In these kind of entertainments they past away about six weeks of the most pleasant season of the Year; vvhhen having graced their Friends Nuptials which was the main end of their comming to that place, *Albiond* and his fair *Sultane*s began to think of their own affairs; in order whereunto having made ready their equipage, and taken leave of the *Vice-roy* (by whom *Albiond*, was immediately presented with two very fine *Spanish* Horses) and the rest of their Friends, with

**The fair One of Tungs.**

a mutual protestation of perpetual Friendship, they took their leave of *Spain*, and by easy and pleasant Journeys retired into their own Country.

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**FINIS.**

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